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Scenes & Impressions



THUN CASTLE

FROM THE GROUNDS OF THE CHARTREUSE.

SECOND EDITION

EDINBURGH: W. P. KENNEDY, LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO.

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SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS

IN

SWITZERLAND AND THE NORTH OF ITALY

TAKEN FROM THE NOTES OF A FOUR MONTHS' TOUR DURING THE SUMMER
OF 1852, TOGETHER WITH SOME PRELIMINARY REMARKS ON
THE RELIGIOUS STATE OF THESE COUNTRIES.

BY THE

REV. D. T. K. DRUMMOND,

INCUMBENT OF ST. THOMAS' ENGLISH EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, EDINBURGH.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN sending to press the Second Edition of this work, I cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude for the kind manner in which the first has generally been received. I rejoice especially in the fact, that it has not been altogether ineffectual in promoting the object so near my heart in publishing at all, namely,—increased interest in the Waldensian Church, and enlarged desire to co-operate with it for the spiritual benefit of Italy. I have carefully revised the present Edition, and have transferred the chapters on the religious state of Italy, which were at the close of the First Edition, to the beginning of this. To these I have added a chapter, which I think will be found interesting, as containing some very valuable communications from several of the pastors of the Waldensian Church. The lithographic sketches have all been prepared anew for this Edition, and greatly improved. And thus I again commit the work to the lenient judgment of my readers, while I pray that God may make use of it to His own glory.

D. T. K. DRUMMOND.

MONTPELIER, 15th December 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

A MAN instinctively raises his hand to ward off a blow, and in like manner an author instinctively writes a preface to ward off criticism. The latter is my present plight. I wish, if possible, to bespeak the reader's lenient judgment, for the notes of my journal in the following pages. Had any one a year ago told me that I should write a journal, to say nothing of publishing it, I should certainly have considered it about the most unlikely thing I could ever be brought to undertake. Here, however, are my reasons for doing so now. On leaving home, last summer, for an absence of six months from my congregation, I felt that it would be a relief and comfort to my own mind, to keep up such a communication with them, as might, in some measure at least, tend to mitigate a trial in many respects so painful to me. Accordingly, I wrote a pastoral letter to my beloved flock every month, which, I believe, was always read on the Monday following each communion Sabbath. Besides this, knowing the affectionate interest with which they followed me, I thought it not unlikely that they might be interested to hear from time to time of the journeyings of their invalid pastor. This, I confess, gave a zest to journal-writing, which I never could otherwise have conceived it to possess. And so I not only wrote, but sent home the brief memorials of all I saw or heard which interested me. On my return home, I was so pressed to publish, by those for whose pleasure the journal was originally written, that I felt I had no alternative. This will account for the style in which it is written. I wrote for the express purpose that others should read, but, assuredly, not with the remotest intention of publishing.

It certainly appears a bold thing to publish a journal, at this time of day, regarding countries, every nook and corner of which have been ransacked by numberless travellers, and all valuable and interesting information about which has already been recorded. Still I can find some excuses for my temerity. My first is in the partiality of my friends, whose interest will be called forth by the following pages, because they are interested in the author. My next is, in the fact, that in these days, when the ends of the earth are brought together, and accounts of the most distant and hitherto inaccessible countries are multiplied, some passing reference to *nearer* scenes, beginning to be overlooked and almost forgotten, might perhaps revive a transient interest in the latter ;—while my last excuse is derived from that which, at first sight, would appear to make it inexcusable,

namely, the large number of persons who annually visit, and see, with their own eyes, the scenes I have feebly endeavoured to sketch. This, in reality, suggests some sort of an apology for my venturing to offer my journal to the perusal of others beyond my own immediate circle of friends. Formerly, travels in Italy and Switzerland were written to let people who never moved from home *know* what these countries were like ; now, the greater number of those who will read the following pages have probably been travellers themselves, and so it may be, that to them a slight reminiscence of what they have seen, while it adds nothing to their information, may nevertheless be not unacceptable, as recalling to their memory, with more or less vividness, impressions which, during their own wanderings, have given them so much pleasure.

I confess, however, that having laid aside my scruples, and yielded to the kind wishes of others, I was the less disinclined to proceed with what I had undertaken, because it afforded me an opportunity of doing, what I have attempted at the opening of this volume to accomplish, namely, to draw attention to the present interesting condition of Italy, not in its political but religious aspect, and to point out the best means by which the sympathy and the energy of British Christians may be devoted to the help of that unhappy country. If the thoughts I have ventured to express on this subject shall awaken an interest on behalf of Italy in one breast, I shall be grateful indeed ; and if they shall lead to strenuous exertions on behalf of our brethren there, then the publishing of this volume will be matter of unceasing joy to me to the end of my days. May He, whose are the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, grant His blessing on this effort to disperse darkness both moral, intellectual, and spiritual, and to promote the welfare of his own people !

There is one subject which I could have wished to bring fully before the reader, in connexion with the religious state of Italy and Switzerland, and that is the foreign chaplaincies. This, however, I have found it impossible to accomplish. I would then merely state here, that on the whole there is great improvement in the appointments to those charges, though much remains to be done. The number of them is increasing very rapidly ; and I need not say that in the way of example to foreigners, it becomes a matter of the deepest importance to have them occupied by faithful, spiritually-minded men. Those who are travelling, or who have travelled abroad, ought to take a lively interest in all endeavours to have these outposts of British Protestantism well and efficiently provided for. A very little zeal, a few timely inquiries, and some judicious counsel, will very

often prevent the appointment of an unsuitable person, and be the means of securing one who will adorn his Master's gospel in all things, both as an "*able* minister of the New Testament," and "an ensample to believers in word and conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, and in purity."

I need scarcely say, that my valued friend and fellow-traveller, whose name appears in my journal, has permitted me so to use it; but I cannot refrain from expressing in a single sentence here, the sincere and unmixed pleasure with which I look back upon our intercourse together. The believer, wherever he may be, cannot feel alone with his Bible at hand, but it is specially refreshing to him to have a fellow-pilgrim with him at his side, who knows and loves that Bible too, with whom he can take sweet counsel, not only in the journeyings of earth, but in walking together to the house of God in heaven. I have to thank my beloved friend for many hours of such fellowship.

I feel that I should be doing injustice to the excellent men who attended us in our rambles, if I omitted to mention their names and their addresses specifically in this place. The one is Jean Tairraz, one of the Chamouny guides, who has been four or five times on the summit of Mont Blanc, and who may be always heard of at his cousin's, the landlord of the Hôtel de Londres, Chamouny; the other is Jean Bohren, one of the Bernese Oberland guides, and who can always be found by addressing him at Thun, Canton Berne. It is impossible to overestimate the services of these men, acting either as guides among the hills, or as couriers in other parts of the country. Their knowledge—their high principle—their integrity, and their kindliness of disposition and manner, made them invaluable to us. Either for Switzerland or Italy, I should unhesitatingly prefer them as servants to any of the large class of regular couriers who are to be found in London, Paris, or Geneva.

I wish it had been possible to present before the reader several of the more remarkable scenes I visited, in sketches similar to the few which accompany this volume, and which, as I must say nothing regarding the original artist, I consider reflect great credit on the lithography of Messrs. Schenck and M'Farlane. This, however, is impossible. My own pencil is too rude and unskilful for such work; and I had not the happiness of having with me in my travels the hand which can so faithfully and rapidly transfer to the sketch-book the grandeur and the beauty of each passing scene.

MONTPELIER, EDINBURGH,
15th December, 1852.

SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE PAPACY IN ITALY, AS A SYSTEM—THE ITALIANS AS PAPISTS—THE ORIGIN OF THE PAPACY, AND THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS REGARDING IT.

THERE is no country in Europe whose religious condition offers at the present moment considerations of such intense interest as Italy. It has been for centuries the seat and the home of that tremendous spiritual despotism, which if in its youth and maturity it made nations tremble, and put its foot upon the necks of kings, is even yet formidable in its decrepitude and decay. Indeed the present phase of this great "mystery," is not one of the least remarkable, as exhibiting the depth to which its roots have struck amid the nations of the earth, and how potent that force must be, which shall at length succeed in disengaging the minds of men from its thralldom, and break the sceptre of its dominion for ever. When the triple crown encircled the brows of Hildebrand, there was little room for surprise that the

people of that day did not resist the spiritual influence with which they were blinded, or the vigour with which the spiritual sword was wielded. Nor when in the almost universal night of mind which marked the middle ages, the few and transient glimmerings of light appeared amid lettered priests and cloistered monks, was it to be wondered at that the chains which the Papacy never ceased to forge for man's freedom both civil and religious, should be more closely rivetted than ever. Nor yet again can it be very much a subject of astonishment if, even after the dawn of the Reformation, and the blow which was then struck at the very heart of Rome, and which seemed to cast her down bleeding and helpless, "The world still wondered after the Beast;" for it was reserved for the period succeeding the Reformation to develop the fearful vitality of the system, and to shew, that even when she appeared to be in her death-struggle, she could again rise up, as if to renew her youth, and—seducing the educated, the intellectual, and the great within her fold, successfully to cast once again the net of her diplomacy over all the countries of Europe whether Catholic or Protestant. But it is indeed a marvellous thing to behold the power which she yet wields after the events of the last four years. When amid the social convulsions of 1848, the so-called "Successor of the Prince of the Apostles" fled from his sheepfold in the garb of a menial, and was at length brought back to the Vatican, and is now kept there by the presence of an overwhelming French force in Rome, and of scattered bands of Austrians throughout the centre and the north of Italy—when he

who presumes to arrogate to himself the spiritual rank of "vicegerent of Christ," the Infallible Head of His Church on earth, is notoriously and confessedly but a tool of the ambition of others, and a state-puppet in their hands, and yet notwithstanding all this, that Popery should actually be on the increase in Europe, that it has no rival, and will hear of none, wherever the black eagle of Austria is seen—that its progress is one great ovation in that country which has so recently doffed the homely garb of Republicanism for all the silver and the gold, the embroidery and the pageantry of the empire—and that even in our own bright and free land, its tread is firm, its bearing insolent, and its hopes exulting, is truly so strange and unaccountable that no words seem capable of approaching the measure of our astonishment, but those of the Evangelist when he beheld the foreshadowing of this power in his Apocalyptic vision, "And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; and when I saw her, *I wondered with great admiration.*"

But wondrously strange as is the potency with which this system aims to subject Europe once more to her thrall, that country which gave it birth, and which has ever sheltered it, is not any more its slave. It was often said of France since the Revolution of 1848, that she was a Republic without republicans, and so of a very considerable portion of Italy at the present moment, when the kings of the earth are agreeing "to give their power and strength to the Beast," it may be said that it is a Papal kingdom without Papists. This is indeed a subject which must be

approached with the greatest care, and handled with no ordinary delicacy. On the one hand, it is necessary that the actual state of Italy, religiously, should be fully understood by the Christian heart of this country,—it is of the utmost moment, that on the eve of a final conflict with Rome, we in this land should be fully aware of her weakness as well as her strength ;—yet on the other, if public attention be too distinctly pointed to what is in progress in Italy—if indications of too special a character be given, then we are not only in danger of so directing the attention of the Papacy, which is yet strong in bayonets and dungeons, just in proportion as it is weak in moral force in Italy, to those particular localities, as to run the risk of retarding a blessed reformation ; but likewise, of drawing down on such as are young and tender in the household of Christ, the stern correctives of fine, imprisonment, and even death.

Unless by visiting Italy, and thus being on the spot, it is hardly possible to conceive the state of abject bondage, as regards spiritual things, putting aside all questions of civil liberty, in which the priesthood endeavour to hold the mind of Italy. In the States of the Church, in Tuscany and Naples, there is an ever watchful eye kept by the minions of the Papacy on every symptom of what they are pleased to consider heretical pravity ; and all the terrors of a vast and mysterious combination ready to pounce on its victim when least expected, are ever present before the stricken heart of a groaning people. Continually they are reminded by a sudden stroke of vengeance, of the cease-

less vigilance of the power which holds them fast—a visit to a neighbour's house by the authorities to hunt out a Bible—the rapid removal of a friend from his quiet home to a prison cell, on the bare suspicion of his being leagued with those who dare to question the supremacy of Rome, are terrible indications of that ever present mystery, which, as in the case of its prototype among the Pharisees of old, who “hailed men and women, committing them to prison,” now “wears out the saints of the Most High.” Nor are the emissaries of Rome in this country slack in their efforts to aid in preserving the spiritual slavery of Italy. Everything which is published here, everything which is uttered in sermons or on the platform, or which is even the subject of conversation, and which directs attention to some weak point in Italy, where the influence of Rome is on the wane, and the Scriptures are being read and the truth received, is immediately and faithfully transmitted to head-quarters, and then all the appliances of spiritual despotism are brought to bear with increased vigour in those places where suspicion has been roused.

Matters, however, are somewhat different from this in the north of Italy, in the kingdom of Sardinia, and in the Lombardo-Venetian States of Austria, but from very different causes. In the former, the government have been led to recognise in no inconsiderable degree the great and fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, and they have on more than one occasion proved by their conduct, that they will not suffer the iron heel of the Papacy to be planted on the necks of the people they govern, and

thus in Sardinia (although I shall have yet to advert to some painful and startling facts connected with this kingdom) the air has already become too clear to allow of Popish deeds of darkness, such as are perpetrated in the south. In the latter, the priesthood has always been different from that of the rest of Italy. The Ambrosian liturgy, which has ever been in use by the Milanese and others, has tended to create this difference. They have steadily resisted all efforts to have it laid aside, and so a distinction has ever existed between them and other Italians, which has extended itself to many points of character and feeling, religiously and politically. I believe I am right in the assertion, that generally speaking as a body the priesthood in Lombardy are popular. The people believe, and probably with considerable justice, that their priests are anxious that they should be delivered from the strong hand of their Austrian rulers. There is in fact an identity between priests and people more or less, on the absorbing subject of national enfranchisement, and so the priests are neither on their side such willing tools of spiritual despotism as others are, nor are the people on theirs filled with dread and hatred of the priesthood. In Lombardy the stranger may often see, in public places, in steamboats, or at railway stations, priests and people mingled together with all the indications of mutual confidence and identity of interest—very different indeed from the gloom of suspicion which in other parts of Italy seems to settle down as a wall of separation between the priesthood and the great body of the people. In Lombardy, indeed, the

incubus which rests upon the Italian is the wakeful and strong hand of Austria, who doubtless will not tolerate heresy in her dominions, but who still less will tolerate movements of national freedom among her Papal subjects. And so it has happened more than once, and that recently, that the Austrian police have had to deal with priests as political delinquents; and though it would probably be wrong to say that there exists any real indication, as some have supposed, of spiritual life among the priesthood of Lombardy, yet perhaps it may be truly asserted, that not a few would be found ready to run much hazard of all kinds in the cause of political freedom.

So far, then, regarding the relative condition of Popery as a *system* in the different States of Italy. In Piedmont and Lombardy, various influences combine to hold its power in check, while in Tuscany, the Roman States, and in Naples, it rules with a rod of iron, and exercises an undisputed, irresponsible, and terrible authority over the bodies and souls of men. Now, from this condition of the Papacy in Italy, regarded as a system, it will not be difficult to deduce the probable condition of the Italians generally, as Papists. We should be led to expect, that in the case of Piedmont and Lombardy, those who are Papists would be generally sincere in their profession of attachment to the Papacy—and this, I think, will be admitted by all who have been in these countries, to be the case. On the other hand, we should be led to expect a very different result in those parts of Italy mentioned above, and this also is true. I think I am perfectly justified in affirming again, what I

have already said as regards the centre and the south of Italy, that the Papacy there, is *without* Papists. Having never had in former years an opportunity of personally investigating the actual state of religious feeling among the people in the countries to which I now advert, I cannot speak of that condition as it was, from my own knowledge ; but I am confident I shall be borne out in the remark, that all who had that opportunity acknowledged the almost universal infidelity practically existing under the slight garb of an effete superstition. But the great difference which I conceive marks their condition now from what it was then, is not that they are less or more practically infidels, but that their infidelity has assumed a positive form which it had not formerly. They were indeed once infidels, without well knowing it. They accepted the superstition bequeathed by father to son, and without discussing its merits or demerits very closely, lived practically "without God in the world ;" but since the tempest of revolution burst on Europe in 1848, and as Italy shook and trembled in the blast, and amid the heaving of the political earthquake, the whole system of Papal power, from the Pope, the Cardinals, the Inquisitor-General, and the chief of the Jesuits down to the cowed monk and begging friar, stood revealed before the astonished gaze of the people, as the one grand obstacle between them and liberty,—then, from that time forward, a shape and form was given to their infidelity which was unknown before. They now *know* that they are infidels. The superstition in which they had heretofore quietly acquiesced, had

manifestly become the stern opponent of the love of liberty which throbbed and beat in each bosom, and they henceforth were able to find a *reason*, for the infidelity which they had hitherto practised, in the false pretensions of the so-called religion under which they had till now succumbed.

There are, of course, exceptions to this statement on both sides. Many there are who still, under the blinding and benumbing influence of hereditary superstition, do not dare to think for themselves, and are yet the chained slaves mentally of Rome as they are personally at her disposal. So also, on the other hand, it is a blessed and most encouraging truth, that in the detection of the workings of the Man of Sin in Italy, many have been found who, under the teaching of the Spirit of God, and by the instrumentality of his word, having escaped the shipwreck of craft and subtlety, and being delivered from the gulf of infidelity, have been safely landed on that shore where they shall for ever walk in the light of truth, and in the enjoyment of such favour as is better than life. Still I repeat, that what I have affirmed above is true of a vast proportion of the people in the centre and in the south of Italy, at the present moment. They have made the discovery, that all they ever knew about religion, is a lie, and so, without waiting to distinguish between the true and the false, they fling religion away altogether. How dreadful is the thought, too, that their priests would rather have them infidels than God-fearing, Bible-reading believers! In the one case they might hold them in subjection, as they

think ; in the other, such hope is vain. What retribution are they preparing for themselves ! The infidelity which rages beneath the surface now, with its volcanic fire, is one which, when it does burst forth, will never stay until it has slaked its thirst in blood.

But if this be a fair representation generally of the condition of Italy at the present time, both regarding her priesthood and her people, the question presses itself on the mind with a gravity only to be measured by the imminence of the danger which threatens, and the momentous results likely to ensue from possible, yea probable changes in Italy,—whether anything can be done if not altogether to avert these dangers and calamities, at least to lessen and limit them ? In considering this question, it is of the greatest importance, that there should be a clear understanding of what it is *possible* to effect, and then our way will be opened to a deliberate examination of the best means we have within our reach to help, as much as in us lies,—poor, hopeless, bleeding Italy.

It is a profound mistake to regard Popery as a mere corruption of the truth, as merely a deformed and polluted descendant of that which was once pure and good. They who speak thus of the system of “the Man of Sin,”—of “the mystery of iniquity,” have surely read their Bibles to little purpose, and have grievously misapprehended the lessons which history is intended to teach. Doubtless we see allied together in a monstrous combination, the deadly principles of Antichrist with some of the verities of the Christian faith ; but this no more proves that the

Church of Rome is a "branch of the true vine," though a corrupt one, than the fact of the Koran reverencing Moses and his law, proves Mahomedanism to have been a corrupt and erroneous offset of Judaism. The truth is, that just as the "false Prophet" merely garnished his system with as much of Scripture as he thought subservient to his designs of temporal conquest and spiritual dominion, so Popery is a grand conspiracy against the liberty both civil and religious of mankind, and in order to insure its attainment of the first of these objects, it has gathered to itself as much as possible of temporal power, while, in order to insure the attainment of the second, it has availed itself of the great truths of the Christian faith, that in its assumed guise, arrayed "as an angel of light," it may crush, overwhelm, and destroy the freedom of the soul.

Of course I do not mean to affirm that any man, or any set of men, deliberately resolved to call into being a system like the Papacy, of deadly influence upon all that is fair and good, and in order to give it its full momentum, resolved that the leading and chief feature of it should be a counterfeit, as far as possible, of that true religion which brings "glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to man ;" but this I affirm to be its true origin,—an origin both indicated in Scripture, and which alone accounts for its wondrous career through more than twelve centuries,—it was so designed by Satan. When amid the temples and the shrines of Pagan Rome, the very seat of his power, the true light entered, and despite of the fury of persecution which he stirred up in order to hold his own,

the idols were being cast to the moles and to the bats, then did he go "in great wrath to make war" with the truth and all who possessed it; and with a craft and subtlety hitherto unequalled even in the kingdom of darkness, he produced his "master-piece,"—that terrible system which nothing save the Apocalyptic symbols can truly depict, as being in itself so perfectly monstrous and horrible, and yet contriving to win nearly the world under its rule! "And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy. And the beast which I saw was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion: and the dragon gave him his power, and his seat, and great authority." Here is the true delineation of the Papacy, as a fierce and rabid wild beast, energized by the spirit of evil. Yet mark how the contriver of it has so managed to disguise its character, that the Apostle tells us immediately after the above description, "all the world wondered after the beast,"—"all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him." Need we be surprised after this, at the significant language of Paul, when predicting this apostasy, he says, "whose coming is after the *working of Satan*."

But if he was the great originator of the system, he found in the heart of man all that was needful to second his efforts, and co-operate with him in his plans. It has been truly said, "that the errors of Romanism, speaking generally, were not originally deduced from those texts of

Scripture which are now usually brought in defence of them, but that after they had sprung up from *other causes*, and *especially the natural tendencies* of the human heart, these texts were pressed into the service." The mystery of iniquity born of darkness, and nursed into vigour by the corrupt and deadly passions of the human heart, stole "while men slept" within the precincts of the sanctuary. And thus it was that Satan and the evil heart of man conspired together to evoke a power which, if left to run its course, would never cease until it turned this world into a dreary solitude, or cage of unclean birds, or a hold of devils.

Now, this view of the origin of the Papacy is not merely speculative, but eminently practical, because it will depend on our just appreciation of it, whether we perceive clearly what our duty is regarding this mighty adversary. Could we regard it as merely Christianity in a state of decline—could we regard it as Christianity only faded, and worn, and polluted, by its contact with the vile world into which it had found its way, then might we have some plausible expectation, that by earnest and persevering effort, by the use of all appointed means, by prayer, and heaven-taught zeal, we might yet hope to succeed in turning the captivity of Papal Rome as the streams of the south, and cause the city of the seven hills to be even yet more renowned for her earnestness in defending the honour of Christ, than she has been infamous for the dishonour she has heaped upon his name. But when we regard the Papacy in its true scriptural light, as a combination of sin

and Satan against the truth, and which has merely borrowed some of the semblances of truth, to hide its own deformity, then we feel, what we have to long for and to pray for is, that it may be detected, defeated, and destroyed. It is not corrupt Christianity merely, for then it might possibly be reformed. It is a conspiracy against the truth of God and the best interests of man. And a conspiracy cannot be reformed, it must be crushed.

Is this, then, the mission of believers? To go forth to Italy, in order to destroy that which cannot be reformed? Far from it. The judgment of this awful apostasy must not be by men's instrumentality. "The son of perdition" has opposed and exalted himself against God—tried to usurp the place of God, yea, to raise himself above all that is called God. And so, even as God has pronounced it, from God will come his doom: "Whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming." But as we have no warrant to expect the reformation of the Papacy, nor on the other, any warrant to suppose that we must take part in her destruction—that which *remains* for us to do is clear enough. We are not to trifle away our time by idle and vain attempts to do what is impossible,—nor are we to take the false ground of executioners of God's vengeance, but like Paul, when the mystery of iniquity began to work in his day, to warn, exhort, and implore those who may be in danger from its deadly shade, to turn from Satan unto God—to take up, in fact, the Apocalyptic watchword, and cry aloud in the ears of all who are within hearing of

the syren-notes of the harlot Church, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

It is manifest that this view of the case simplifies exceedingly the procedure of true believers regarding such a country as Italy. To make any sort of terms with the Papacy is not a mode of action that lies open for a moment to our adoption. We can have nothing to do with any diplomatic relations with her, under any pretext whatsoever. We point-blank refuse to treat with her, as if we could trust her, or as if we could hope at length to win her over. On herself rests the blame, for "what communion hath light with darkness, or what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" On the other hand, the knowledge that she awaits the judgment of God, not the vengeance of man, that *He* "will repay," who alone can do it righteously, preserves us from ever assuming such an attitude towards her, as she has towards the people of God. She has crimsoned her path of terror with the blood of God's saints, and dared to avow that she did it for God's service. We denounce her as an enemy of God and truth, but leave her in God's hands for her sure reward. Now, it is clear, that by prayerful adherence to both these courses of action, we are at least in the way of gaining two great advantages in all our efforts to gather out the Lord's "hidden ones" in Italy. By adhering to the first, our path is so clear and straightforward, so free from every appearance of compromise or suspicion of parley, that those among the people who are struggling through the mists of darkness

which have covered them so long, can be left in no doubt—they cannot be puzzled as to truth and falsehood, or have any inducement to stop short of an entire separation from a system with which the light that has sprung up in their hearts has brought them into direct antagonism. By adhering to the second, we do as much as in us lies to prevent the Papal authorities in Italy from having any real ground of suspicion regarding the actual motives which influence us.

And this suggests here, what it is important for us to glance at, before we proceed to consider what steps Christians in this country ought to take for the help of struggling Italy. It points distinctly to what we must be careful *not* to do. We must avoid being in any way mixed up with any of the *political* questions now agitating that country. The necessity for such caution is strikingly manifested in one clause of an admirable and most touching address sent, by the saints of God at Florence, very recently, to the deputation which visited Tuscany, in the hope of procuring the release of the Madiari. “One other matter,” they write, “we cannot pass by. We have been accused of making a profession of the Gospel, for the sole purpose of endeavouring to undermine the political state of the country; but your deputation, coming from so many friendly States, is a clear and undeniable proof that we have not been actuated by political motives, in searching, as we have done, the Scriptures of truth.” These words reveal the necessity for Christians acting with consummate prudence in this matter, and taking care that they give no

cause by word or deed, that their "good shall be evil spoken of." Let us also listen to the words of one who writes with authority from the scene of action, and that within the last few weeks.—"The religious movement in Italy is by no means political. Unhappily the political leaders of Italy have endeavoured, by means of false brethren, to mix themselves up with the movement, but they have had really nothing to do with it. The Italian converts are so minded, that, if through the misfortune of the times, any of them have formerly been involved in politics—after their conversion not only do they disengage themselves from such pursuits, but break off all connexion which they may have had with the political leaders. An Italian who professes to be converted, and at the same time meddles with politics, is held by the true Christians of Italy as a false brother. If I were at liberty to enter into details, I could bring forward the evidence of what I have advanced. Those who mingle politics and the Gospel are the foes of Italian evangelization ; it is they who have furnished Pio Nono with a handle for asserting in his Encyclical Letter, that the religious movement in Italy is Socialist and Communist, it is they who afford princes a pretext for persecution. But the Christians of Italy protest loudly against the accusation of interfering with politics." It is clear that whatever else we may and ought to do, in Italy, our earnest endeavour must be, for the sake of truth, as well as to avoid the danger of compromising our suffering brethren with their respective governments, not to allow ourselves in the most distant manner to be mixed up with the politics

of that country. We must have clean hands and a pure heart in the Lord's work.

But what, then, are Christians in this country to do, in order to help on the Gospel in Italy, and to aid their brethren there to bear the burden and the heat of their day of trial? One thing stands pre-eminent above all others, as their first, their paramount, and their constant duty. When Peter was imprisoned by the tyrant Herod, "prayer was made unceasingly of the Church unto God for him." So it ought to be now for our suffering brethren in Italy, as well as for the enlargement of the borders of the true Zion there. It is matter of great thankfulness to observe, that one of the deputation in the case of the Maddai, Captain Trotter, has suggested to the Christians at Florence, "a union in prayer with Christians on Saturday evenings, for an abatement of this persecution, and that whether by life or by death, such a torch may thereby be lighted throughout Italy as may never go out till the Lord come." This will assuredly be followed by the happy acknowledgment—"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!" The introduction of the Italian Scriptures into Italy is likewise an all-important means supplied, in Providence, to Christians in this country, by which they may enlighten, quicken, comfort, and build up the saints of God in that land. The saying of one who has now gone to his rest, has been often repeated, but not too often in proportion to its value—"A single Bible is worth fifty policemen." And just as this is true, as leading to the repression of crime, so is it equally true as

resisting the oppression of tyranny. If the Bible in this country does more than the whole police force together to keep down crime, it will defy the efforts of the whole police force in Italy to hold the people in spiritual darkness. It contains within itself its own indelible character—"It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish all my pleasure, and prosper in the thing whereto I have sent it."

Now, though in reference to the first means, "we have need of patience," and in reference to the second, have need "of the wisdom which cometh from above," and though under any circumstances we have, and must expect to have, "many adversaries," yet it is true that there "is a great door and an effectual" opened for us just now into Italy, by which we may enter in and prosecute the great work of evangelization there with zeal and success. What that is, I must endeavour to unfold in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE VAUDOIS CHURCH*—ITS SUITABLENESS TO BECOME THE MISSION
CHURCH FOR ITALY.

It has often been remarked that the Jewish nation, during the last eighteen centuries, has been the standing miracle in favour of Christianity. And surely nothing short of miraculous interposition could have protected through centuries of persecution, or, still worse, through the contaminating influence and deadly blight of error, those scattered but faithful bands, which on the slopes of the Alps have not unaptly or inconsistently assumed as their motto, "The light shineth in darkness." It would be very much beside my present plan were I to attempt to discuss the question of the antiquity of the Vaudois Church. This has been done by more skilful hands than mine. I cannot, however, forbear to express what my own firm opinion is, after carefully examining all that has been brought to light regarding the ancient history of this mountain communion. I believe it to have been one of Christ's witnesses in the midst of the desolations of Anti-christ—that it has been faithful among the faithless—and

* I use the title Vaudois rather than Waldensian, because it is by the former of these epithets that the Church of the Valleys is best known in Piedmont.

that far from dating its origin from Peter Waldo of Lyons, the much greater probability is, that he derived not only the epithet which distinguished him, but the principles he held, from the churches of the valleys. "They (Vaudois) maintain," says Dr. Gilly, "that they are descended from a race who peopled the same villages, and professed the same gospel, in the first centuries of the Christian era." "We have inherited our religion," say they, "with our lands, from the primitive Christians." But whatever may be the disputes of learned writers on this subject, the point which most concerns us at present is this—What is thought of this church by those who are nearest to it and know it best? "Is it not extraordinary," says Leger, "that it has never once happened that any of our princes or their ministers should have offered the least contradiction to their Vaudois subjects who have again and again asserted in their presence, 'we are descended from those who, from father to son, have preserved entire the apostolical faith in the valleys which we now occupy. Permit us therefore to have that free exercise of our religion which we have enjoyed from time out of mind, before the Dukes of Savoy became Princes of Piedmont.'"

Now, I think I am right in affirming that the Italians of the present day generally admit the great antiquity of this Church. They may and do stigmatize it with the brand of heresy; but no doubt is ever expressed regarding the remoteness of its origin. And at least, it may be positively said, as that which is universally acknowledged, that it existed long prior to the Reformation, and therefore

stands apart altogether in the estimation of the Italian from Protestantism and its numerous sections which that period produced.

Can we then fail to recognise the finger of Providence pointing to the Vaudois Church as that very instrumentality which he has prepared and preserved through centuries of trial and suffering, to be diligently, faithfully, and effectually used at such a crisis in Italian history as the present, when the stone is rolled away which has so long held her in the grave of a deadly superstition, and there needs but the sweet voice of the gospel of peace to be heard, "loose him and let him go," to bring many sons and daughters unto God? See how in every respect it is just the instrumentality which the necessities of Italy demand.

1. Its uncompromising opposition to the apostasy. In 1250, one of the heresies charged against the Vaudois Church was that of holding the Roman Church to be the harlot of the Apocalypse, and the Pope the head of all errors. In the fourteenth century a treatise on Antichrist proceeded from them, in which they, in the most distinct and admirable manner, identify all the leading doctrines of the Papacy with Antichrist. And, moreover, their testimony against Rome is not in word only, it is specially in *deed*. Wherefore these massacres of her sons and daughters in their valleys? Wherefore did they make the dens and caves in their mountains their home? Because they would suffer the loss of all things, and welcome death itself, rather than worship at the altars of the Papacy.

The Italian *knows*, as he looks towards the Vaudois, that there can be no parley and no peace between them and the system he has begun to question and abhor.

2. But the Vaudois Church possesses another special qualification to become the missionary church for Italy, in that, with all her unequivocal and lasting hostility against Rome, her people have never given the slightest cause to be regarded as seditiously disposed towards the Government of the country. There never can be associated with the name of Vaudois in Italy the accusation of insubordination or disaffection, "their enemies themselves being the judges." A singular instance of this testimony, extorted even from those who oppressed them, is to be found as late as the present century. After the restoration of the House of Savoy, on the fall of Napoleon, the Vaudois were placed under their former disabilities. And yet at the very same moment the restored monarch was obliged to acknowledge "the constant and distinguished proof which the Vaudois had ever given to his predecessors of attachment and fidelity." "I know," he added, "I have faithful subjects in the Vaudois; they will never dishonour their character." In all efforts made, therefore, by the Vaudois Church in the work of Italian evangelization, the fear and the suspicion of political motives can never find admittance.

3. The Vaudois Church has none of the disadvantages adhering to Protestant communions, in the mind of the Italians. The jealousy with which any nation receives foreign teachers is well known and universal. In Italy this

jealousy is extreme. "Lutheranism," writes one whose sentiments I have already quoted, "Calvinism, and even Protestantism, are terms which inspire the Italians, especially the Italian populace, with horror. No such religious systems can take root there. It is a mistake to believe that a foreign established church can make proselytes in Italy." Foreign evangelical churches, therefore, not simply from the fact of their belonging to the stranger, but from the Italian association with their origin, are helpless as mission churches in Italy. No such stigma rests on the Vaudois Church. The Italian Papist in his twilight of spiritual illumination, when the gigantic and still awful system of his native land begins to be tested, and his eyes dare to scan its hoar antiquity—learns to gain heart and courage to go on, when he looks northwards to the bright valleys of the Alps, and finds there a Church which before the time of the Reformation, and through it, and after it, claimed and claims to be apostolic—not by virtue of temporal dominion—not by the strong arguments of fire and sword and persecution—not by the legerdemain of closing the Bible by means of opening tradition—but because it held and continues to hold all apostolic doctrine and practice, the faith which Paul preached, in which he walked, and for which he died.

4. But besides this, the Vaudois Church is Italian. It is not only *not* associated in the Italian mind with what alarms them in religion—it is also a church of their own land. It presents itself always to their attention in the attractive garb of nationality. They are drawn to it by

the strong affinities of a common country, without being repelled by historical remembrances and modern epithets, which however valuable to others, are stumblingblocks to them. "We communicate," says one of them very recently, "with the Vaudois Church, and many of us are members of it, because we believe it to be an *apostolic Church*, and because it is the *ancient Church of Italy*."

Now, every one who has taken pains to investigate the present condition of Italy, must be satisfied that all these considerations to which reference has just been made, are operating in favour of the Vaudois Church at this moment. Not very long ago the son of an Italian nobleman visited the valleys. While there, he said, "I come from a locality where the Waldenses had their missionaries 300 years ago—send some to us again." In answer to an appeal by many Italians who had become awakened to a knowledge of the truth—"Become again, they said, a missionary church;" there was first one and then another pastor sent, and thousands listened to their words. The cordial reception which is invariably given by the Italians to the ministers or laymen sent from the Vaudois Church to instruct them, is a fact which many parts of Italy at this moment abundantly attest. Nor does Italy alone furnish such evidence. In foreign lands among Italians who have either voluntarily retired, or been driven from their own country, the same cordial welcome is given to the Vaudois teacher. I might forcibly illustrate this, *if I dared*. I myself beheld at Turin how completely the antagonism which the presence of a foreign church would inevitably produce, disappears

in connexion with the Vaudois Church. The Roman Catholics who have been drawn to listen to the preaching of the Vaudois pastors there, who seek interviews with the ministers, and desire to be instructed, have none of the appearance of men who feel as if they were running the risk of denying their country, nor, whatever may be the bitterness engendered in the minds of others around them in regard to actual doctrines, does the one element of exceeding bitterness seem to exist, namely, that the Roman Catholic who listens to a Vaudois, becomes an alien in spirit at least from his native land.

Of the actual blessing already arising from the labours of the Vaudois Church, let me just mention two facts which M. Revel, the Moderator of the Church, made known to me. He said that, during the last year, in Piedmont alone, no fewer than *sixty* Papists had openly joined and communicated with the Church of the Valleys. He likewise informed me of the case of a poor dwarf, a Roman Catholic. This man had become deeply conscious of the sin of his heart. He wished to confess, but he could not bring himself to the usual habit of his Church. The thought of that which had formerly been quite sufficient, now, when his soul was really awakened, became insupportably painful to him ; he felt the need of something more true and real than confession to a fellow-sinner. These thoughts weighed upon his mind. It is not to be wondered at, that in the visions of the night his dreams upon his bed took the form of a divine warning to him that he need not go to the priest for confession. In his extremity he implored a Swiss

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friend to let him know of some one who could help him in his difficulty. He was directed to a Vaudois pastor ; he became a converted man, and was the means of conversion in his turn to his wife, mother, father, brother, and sister ! Evidence of a similar kind might be adduced in abundance, but for reasons I have already stated, it is not safe to be explicit at present. "What we desire," says one already quoted, "is the exercise of Christian prudence ; that no details should be published which might compromise us with persecuting governments, and that if they desire to afford us further aid, they should do so after an Italian fashion ; that is to say, that they should make use of means agreeable to the Italians, and not such, as it has been already mentioned, the Italians refuse. Let them employ Italian Christians to propagate the gospel in Italy, either by word of mouth or by writing."

With such a Church as this, then, *in Italy*,—with everything which can be conceived in such a cause favourable for its work "of propagating the gospel," can we refuse to see in it "the great door and effectual" by which we ought to go into Italy and help our poor benighted brethren there, who are struggling and groping their way out of the darkness of error into the light of truth ?

And here the question is suggested, how are we to use this instrumentality so providentially appointed ? Some perhaps might say, that since the Vaudois Church is where it is, and so well adapted to the end in view—surely that is enough—leave it alone to do its appointed work. This is not the spirit of the gospel. This is not the mind of

Him who has taught us by His servant the all-important lesson, "Bear ye one another's burdens." It is manifestly our duty to put forth all our energy for the purpose of strengthening the Vaudois Church, if by any means we may be able to aid her in doing Christ's work in Italy. But what means can we employ ?

In considering this, I cannot refrain from entering my protest against all efforts which may be made to alter in any way the constitution, the government, or the mode of worship in the Vaudois Church. Whatever is to be done, surely this must never be. Entertaining, as I do, the highest esteem and respect for some parties whose opinions tend in this direction, I feel that I should be indeed to blame were I in any degree even to attempt to soften down my protest against such views. I cannot conceive any project more likely to check the progress of evangelization in Italy, to paralyze the hands of the true-hearted in this country who desire to promote it, or to encourage the enemies of the truth both in this country and in Italy. I know and rejoice in the assurance, that the ministers and laity of the Vaudois Church have firmly resisted all such efforts hitherto to alter and remodel their Church, though, in doing so, they have had to exercise an amount of self-denial as regards all the feelings of their heart, which can hardly be conceived, except by personal observation. Those who have moved at all in this matter, can never be otherwise than regarded with the deepest gratitude for all that they have done on behalf of the Vaudois Church ; but this must not be allowed to shut our eyes at such a moment as the

present, to what is of vital importance to the interests of the Church of Christ in Italy ; and if my voice could reach my beloved brethren in the Valleys, I would implore them, as they value the confidence of God's people in this country belonging to all denominations—as they value that Church which is theirs by inheritance, alike honoured by God and afflicted by man—as they value the great commission they have for Italy—to stand firm as a rock, and to set their faces as a flint against any attempt from any Church, or for any purpose, to merge their distinctiveness in some one or other of the great sections of evangelical Protestantism. I am myself firmly attached to the Church to which I belong ; not with a love which is blind to her defects, but which is all the more true, because I am fully sensible of them, and long to see them removed ; but I can from my heart say, that the day would indeed be a dark day to me, in which I heard that the Church of the Vaudois had become assimilated to that of England.

This is a matter of great moment, and though I do feel thankful that our brethren in Piedmont have adhered to the “old paths” of their mountain Church, I can neither refrain from entering this solemn protest against innovation, nor from briefly stating my reasons for doing so.

I. The Church of the Vaudois does not *require* any such change. I at once admit that she has had her seasons of declension and decay in spiritual life ; that times of comparative rest in the Valleys were not always times of zeal, devotedness, and activity. What then ? Is there a Pro-

testant Church in Christendom which can cast a stone at her on that score? I know not one. Again, I admit that in connexion with such seasons of comparative deadness,—indeed as their symptom and their result, individual cases have occurred of men propagating unsound doctrine and preaching another gospel. But have the churches of the Reformation had no cause to mourn over similar lapses from the faith and inaugurations of error? The real question at issue is not affected by such things as these, deplorable though they are. The Church of the Vaudois is now, we thank God, rising to new and vigorous life, even as the Churches in this land did in the last half century; and with this cheering fact on the one hand, we can point with unmixed satisfaction, on the other, to the efficiency of her constitution, and to the scriptural character of her standards and her worship. It is not difficult to furnish ample proof of this. The recognised documents of the Vaudois Church speak a language so sound and true, that in an evil age they must rebuke, and in a faithful one encourage all her members.

1. As to the constitution of the Vaudois Church—some may complain that its model is too Presbyterian,—others again, that in some matters it approximates too much to the Episcopal—whether the one or the other of them be correct or not, it is not for us at present to inquire—all that we contend for is this, that it is a thoroughly well organized Christian society—with scriptural standards of faith, with a simple and pure worship, with its office-bearers regularly appointed, due superintendence and discipline

over the pastors and congregations provided for, and its whole machinery in perfect working order.

2. As to the standards of the Vaudois Church. Before alluding directly to them, I cannot omit a passing notice of two famous treatises by which the principles of the Vaudois Church, for at least the last six centuries, may be fully understood. The first of these is what is called "The Noble Lesson." This treatise was published not later than the year 1170. And here is a brief summary of the most important doctrines stated in it. "The origin of sin in the fall of Adam, its transmission to all men, and the offered redemption from it through the death of Jesus Christ ; the union and co-operation of the three persons of the blessed Trinity in man's salvation ; the obligation and spirituality of the moral law under the Gospel ; the duties of prayer, watchfulness, self-denial, unworldliness, humility, love, as ' the way of Jesus Christ ;' their enforcement by the prospect of death, and judgment, and the world's near ending, by the narrowness too of the way of life, and the fewness of those who find it, as also by the hope of coming glory at the judgment and revelation of Jesus Christ." This summary I have taken from the *Horæ Apoc.* of the Rev. E. B. Elliott. In the other treatise written towards the end of the fourteenth century, the pointed condemnation *seriatim* of the leading tenets of the Papacy serves to bring out most emphatically the scriptural views held by the Vaudois Church on all the great truths of evangelical faith and practice.

But now as regards their standards of faith as at present

existing. I have before me the "Confession de Foi des Eglises Vaudoises de Piémont, de l'an 1655." This is printed at the close of their "Book of Prayers." I need scarcely, I think, do more than refer to this well-known and admirable confession of faith, and yet it may be well for those who have never seen it, that I give below a short sketch of its principal matters as drawn by Dr. Gilly in his article on the Vaudois Church in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:—

"The doctrine of the Trinity—Art. 1. The divine inspiration of the Scriptures, and their sufficiency as a rule of faith and practice—Arts. 2, 3, and 4. The fall of man, and consequent corruption of human nature—Art. 10. Salvation of the elect, through Jesus Christ, by the free grace of God—Art. 11. Jesus Christ is 'very God and very man'—Art. 13. Christ having once offered a perfect sacrifice for sin, it cannot be reiterated in the mass—Art. 15. Reconciliation with God obtained not by our own works, but by the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin; 'Neither is there any other purgation'—Art. 16. By faith we apply to our own souls the merits of Christ, and become partakers of the benefits procured for us by him—Arts. 17, 18. Jesus Christ is the only Mediator and intercessor—Art. 19. Good works are the result of faith, and necessary to salvation—Art. 21. The holy dead may be considered as saints, and be honoured; their virtues may be held up to imitation; but they are not to be worshipped or invoked—Art. 23. Christ is the Head of the Church, which is the company of the faithful chosen before the

foundation of the world—Arts. 24, 25. This Church cannot err or be destroyed ; the elect will be enabled to persevere unto the end—Art. 26. God has ordained two sacraments—Baptism to be a sign of our adoption and regeneration ; and the eucharist for the nourishment of our souls, ‘ that we may be partakers of Christ’s body and blood by a sure and certain faith’—Arts. 28, 29, 30. The Church should have pastors appointed to preach the Word of God, to administer the sacraments, and to watch over the flock, together with elders and deacons, as in the primitive Church—Art. 31. Rulers, being ordained by God, should be obeyed—Art. 32. The Apostles’ Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, should be received as the foundation of our faith, practice, and worship—Art. 33.” In April 1839, the synod of the Vaudois Church, lay and clerical, signed the annexed declaration with reference to the above confession. “The Evangelical Church of the valleys of Piedmont considers the confession of faith, published in the valleys in the year 1655, and which has always since been maintained there, to be a most true summary, and a most pure interpretation of the fundamental doctrines of Scripture.”

3. As to the worship of the Vaudois Church. It is liturgical, but of the simplest character. I have before me a copy of “*La Liturgie Vaudoise*,” given me by M. Revel, from which I take the following sketch of their morning worship on the Sabbath. One or two chapters of Scripture are read, then the Ten Commandments. After an expression of dependence on God, and a call to prayer—there

follows a confession of sins, then a psalm is sung, then a prayer is offered. This is succeeded by the sermon. After the sermon another prayer is offered, which is concluded by the Lord's Prayer. Then the Apostles' Creed is repeated, another psalm is sung, and the whole service is closed with the benediction.

II. Such is the purity of faith and worship in the Vaudois Church, and seeing that it is not even hinted that there is anything in her standards, her liturgy, or her practice, which is obnoxious to condemnation, how is it possible to do otherwise than protest strongly against any innovation which would at once and for ever deprive her of the *prestige* she has acquired in Italy? If some things were vitally or radically wrong with her communion, then, doubtless, at all hazards, let these be amended, and fair and full proportions given her as a true Church of Christ, though such change involve her in the common suspicions with which all other evangelical Churches are regarded by the Italians. But when this is not pretended, could anything be more suicidal than deliberately to throw to the winds the numberless advantages which belong to her from her history and her thrilling associations, for the very doubtful one of becoming a mere section of a Church, foreign to themselves, foreign to Italy, and having no claim on either the one or the other?

III. But on the admission of the Vaudois Church being a perfectly well organized Christian society, sound in doc-

trine and practice, let it even be granted that for some reasons it might be expedient, in ordinary times, to assimilate her more closely to some one or other of the Churches of the Reformation, I hold that even if ever such expediency could exist at all, it cannot do so at the present moment. These are *not* ordinary times. *All* the attention, *all* the zeal, *all* the time, *all* the activity, *all* the energy of the Vaudois Church are demanded for the help of their struggling country; and shall we divert their minds for a moment from these pressing claims at this crisis in Italy, in Europe, and the world, to little petty discussions about forms of governments and ritual service, leading them to spend their strength in empty contests among themselves, on points which, however important in some respects, are in the main indifferent? I repeat that I cannot conceive any greater triumph to the enemy of truth, than if he could succeed in drawing off the attention of the Vaudois Church from the work of evangelization in Italy, and fixing it on a series of organic changes, whatever these might be, in the midst of their own body.

CHAPTER III.

THE VAUDOIS CHURCH,—THE BEST MEANS FOR PROMOTING ITS EFFICIENCY AND HELPING IT IN SPREADING THE GOSPEL THROUGHOUT ITALY.

THE foregoing remarks will have prepared the way for the careful consideration of those means which are at the disposal of Christians in this country, and which they ought to lose no time in using, for the purpose of promoting the cause of Christ in Italy, by the instrumentality of the Vaudois Church.

I have already adverted to the actual condition of that Church at the present time. My own observation, together with the report of friends on whose judgment and accuracy I can fully rely, leads me unquestionably to the conclusion, that there has been, and that there is still going on, a great spiritual revival among her members. A large proportion of her synod are God-fearing men. Several of her ministers are men of singular ability, devotedness, and piety—men who, by their intellectual power, and their warm fervent zeal, would be a blessing in any Church. There are also some most promising young men who are presenting themselves for the ministry.

The first duty, then, incumbent on Christians in this country, is to make every exertion to promote and extend

the reviving spirituality of the Vaudois Church. There ought to be the closest and the most constant communication kept up with different members of it, both lay and clerical. The impression ought never to be allowed for a moment to become languid in their minds, that they are followed with the unceasing prayers and spiritual hopes of their brethren in other lands; that great things are expected from them, and that we look to them to be a burning and a shining light in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. In order to stimulate them to aim at greater vitality among themselves, we ought to urge them forward without delay in the direct work of missions in Italy; we ought to impress them with the conviction that they must no longer be satisfied with standing on the defensive, and be thankful because they are permitted to hold their own, but that they must act on the offensive, and descend from their hills into the plains of Italy, to carry the good news of the gospel of peace to their poor enslaved countrymen, whose souls are already stirred with aspirations after a better rest than Rome has to offer. We ought by letter, by personal communication, and reiterated entreaty, to urge the members of the Vaudois Church to regard themselves as the Mission Church for Italy; that all their efforts shall be directed to the work of evangelization among their countrymen; that every portion of their machinery, as a Church, shall not only be kept in good repair, but in active and continued movement towards this blessed end. Such a pressure as this upon the Vaudois must tell. It has told in a measure already, and only needs

to be weightily and continuously applied to be productive of the happiest results. It is in fact only carrying out into practice our own experience in this land. The spirituality of our Churches was not matured *before* we began the work of missions. It was the work of missions which, undertaken in the infancy of our spirituality, gave it depth and vigour, making it strike its roots far down into the Christian heart, and causing it to flourish in all that is lovely and of good report at home as well as abroad.

We ought, moreover, to be prepared to keep some of our chosen men, those who have understanding of the times, in direct and frequent communication with the Vaudois, that the mature experience of the former may be profitable to the latter. The Vaudois, from their position, territorially and politically, are primitive in their views and habits, and yet they have ever shewn the greatest readiness to avail themselves of the wisdom and the enlarged experience of the people of God in other lands.

The Vaudois Church, we must also remember, does not abound with this world's goods. Its numbers are but small, nor do they include many of the great or wealthy of the earth. It is with difficulty that, in some cases, the necessities of their own communion are provided for. We cannot then expect them to launch out into expenses in other parts of Italy which they have not the means of supplying. The silver and the gold, therefore, from the Lord's treasury in this country ought not to be lacking. Let it be liberally poured in, that want of means may never be pleaded as an excuse, among the Vaudois, for want of

effort. We will have nothing to do with "Peter's pence," but this free-will offering let us make.

But whatever may be the exact department of work which we desire to support and promote by our contributions, it is important that the aid thus supplied shall pass through the hands, and be under the control of those who have authority in the Vaudois Church. It will not do for us to supply the funds for the support of certain missions in Italy, and then try to exert a direct control over these missions. In all ordinary cases such a course may be the right one. It is not so in the present. Let us be sure that the Vaudois Church are worthy of our confidence, let us be sure of the work we desire to be done, but let us not in the least degree appear to lower their standing in the estimation of the Italians, nor, at the same time, to enfeeble their exertions by lessening their responsibility. Let our communications with them be direct, our trust in them manifest, and our support of all their schemes ample. Let us make them feel that they are not alone in all their preparations for the great conflict before them,—that prayer and money and counsel and sympathy are theirs; but, at the same time, let us leave them the dignity of independent action and real control over all their work, so essential, as I conceive, for the prosperity of what we desire to see accomplished.

And let not the above suggestion be regarded in the light of an imprudent and lavish act on our part towards the Vaudois. We have other modes afforded to us in the providence of God, by which we may be guarded against embarking in anything which is not judicious on the one

hand, or have timely warning to withdraw our aid if it should ever be wrongly or unprofitably applied on the other, and that without interfering with the independent action of the Vaudois Church. We have now residing in the principal towns in Italy, countrymen of our own—men of faith, and prayer, and love—who, whilst their immediate calling is among those who, like themselves, are strangers in a strange land, are yet eagerly, heartily, and prayerfully engaged in every possible effort on behalf of the poor Italians. I may not more specifically allude to them. Here, then, we have a most important and valuable body of men, able to act either singly or collectively, according as circumstances may demand, and who, from their knowledge of Italy on the one hand, and their experience of what their brethren at home expect and desire on the other, are of all parties the most suitable to prevent us from engaging in anything that is imprudent in the first place, or in afterwards continuing to support what may cease to be deserving. In terms of the closest intimacy, and in constant communication with the men of action in the Vaudois Church, these dear brethren have the very best opportunities of suggesting such plans to them as we should be sure to adopt, while, at the same time, it is impossible that, with their unceasing vigilance, we should ever find ourselves supporting that of which we cannot approve.

But we have yet another way open before us, by which we may strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of our Vaudois brethren in the present crisis. There are other communities of believers among the Alps, on whom

we ought to bring every Christian influence to bear, to induce them to take a becoming part in the progressing struggle between Popery and the truth. If the traveller who means to pass from Italy into Switzerland across the Splügen, when he arrived at Chiavenna, were to turn aside a little into the Val Bregaglia, in the Canton Grisons, before he pursues his journey, he would find a body of Bible-reading, truth-loving Christians in more than one place there which he might visit. He would find a simple, God-fearing race, thirsting after the truth, shrinking from all political movements, repudiating the name of Protestant, but clinging to that of Evangelical Christians. He would find faithful pastors rightly dividing the word of God, and large numbers waiting on their ministry, not only listening attentively at the time, but meeting afterwards among themselves, to gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost. He might chance to be like the one traveller by the *Malle Poste*, through one of the villages in this valley, who, when he arrived there early on a Monday morning, found every house in the village deserted, no one at the post-office, in the inn, or at the stables, and who, at length, attracted by the open door of the church near at hand, went in with the conductor, in time to hear the latter part of a sermon from a converted Italian, preached to a crowded, attentive, and impressed congregation. I am not at liberty to speak more explicitly ; nevertheless, "these things are so." Consider, then, to what they point. If we look to the north of the Canton Grisons, all is discouraging, dark, and heartless ; little or no sign of spiritual life. On the other hand, if we

look to the south as it touches on Italy, we find among the people, who themselves speak Italian, all the symptoms of real godliness,—faithful pastors, willing listeners, learning to read for the sole purpose of reading the Bible, and rejoicing in prayer. All this, too, on the slopes of the Alps into Italy on the east, as the Vaudois Church is on the west. Can we fail to see the finger of Providence directing us to this spot, where pure and vital Christianity exists, in order that we may spare no pains to bring them into immediate and close communication with their brethren in the west, and to urge them on to bear *their* part manfully and faithfully in the great struggle for the truth of God now proceeding in Italy?

And let there also be noted here a singular link in the chain of God's providences, by which he seems drawing us to the parties he himself is preparing for his own work. It is remarkable that throughout Tuscany at least, and I believe I am right in adding Rome and Naples also, almost the whole trade of confectioner or pastry-cook is monopolized by the Italian-speaking Swiss from the southern parts of the Cantons Grisons and Ticino. These people being for the most part Protestant, as we term it, have certain privileges granted to them in the countries where they settle. Among other things, they are permitted to have the ministration of one of their own pastors. It was thus that M. Malan was some time ago sent by the Vaudois Church to Florence, that he might minister among these people, previous to the outburst of bigotry and tyranny which drove him out again. Here, then, is a continued

stream of Italian-speaking Swiss pouring into different parts of Italy. Hitherto their character has not generally been good whence they came, nor has their residence in Italy improved it ; but let it be noted, that not far from the places whence the greater number go forth, there exists the little band of faithful believers above referred to, among whose "golden candlesticks" the Great Prophet of his Church is yet manifestly walking,—and surely no more need be said to prove how promising are the means which God has just now placed within our reach, for the spiritual help and permanent advantage of benighted Italy.

And these considerations suggest likewise a more enlarged view of our responsibilities in these countries, regarding the contention of God's people there for the "faith once delivered to the saints." In what has been already advanced, the means towards the end are manifestly direct, but this ought not to shut out from our attentive and careful regard the immense importance of using every indirect means towards the same great end. Can we do nothing to improve the condition of those professedly Christian Churches which towards the north touch upon, and which must, more or less, from their propinquity, exert an influence either for evil or for good over these Churches of Christ which appear to be commissioned now to carry the lamp of God's word into Italy ?

A general survey of Switzerland, as regards its religious condition, is indeed a most melancholy exercise of the mind and heart, whether it leads to comparisons of the present with the past, or to forebodings for the future. In the

Roman Catholic Cantons of Switzerland—(I speak especially from personal observation of the large and important Cantons of Lucerne and Fribourg)—there is a depth, reality, and grossness in their superstition, which is as remarkable as it is painful. It is a terrible evidence of the utter worthlessness of the greatest amount of civil liberty in actually delivering from bondage. It is a striking commentary on the truth of that Word, that it is only “*if the Son make you free, then shall ye be free indeed.*” Why is no effort made to break in upon this midnight darkness of the soul? I do not mean that we in this country ought to send missions to these Cantons. This would be impossible, and probably fruitless. We have other modes of effecting this by the Divine blessing.

For, are not all these Cantons surrounded by and connected, in the bonds of one confederation, with others where the superstitions of Rome have been renounced, and a simple and pure faith received? It is so, and yet, alas! here is perhaps the most painful part of the whole matter under review. How has the fine gold become dim in these Cantons! Are these the descendants of the men whose hearts were swayed under the clear tones of the gospel trumpet which Ulric Zwingli sounded so loudly and so faithfully? Alas! the *name* of the Reformation is left among them, and that is nearly all. My experience of Swiss Protestantism in the large and important Canton of Berne is indeed of the most painful description. If in the Catholic Cantons death reigns united with a hateful superstition, in Berne it reigns equally amid the wrecks of superstition,

and nothing better in its stead. Formalism appeared to me to be paramount—religion dead and buried. The Sabbath which used to be formerly observed with care, is not now observed at all ; or rather I should say, the observance of it is such, as to mark practical contempt for its ordinance. Generally speaking, one short service of an hour, or little more, at nine o'clock in the morning, and then the people dismissed to find their pleasure on the Lord's day. My last Sabbath but one in the Canton will ever call forth the most painful remembrance. We were throughout the day disturbed in the service of our little sanctuary by the tumultuous noise and thundering of artillery from a grand sham fight of above five thousand of the soldiers of the Confederation !

Can we expect, then, by such dead and effete Protestantism as this to influence the Roman Catholics in Switzerland favourably towards the truth ? Impossible. But can we not use some means to breathe into this dead body the breath of life ? Much may be done in this way, doubtless, by personal effort on the part of British Christians, as they reside in, or pass through Switzerland ; but there is a channel of communication opened for us, which if it were freely and steadily employed might be productive, and that speedily, of the most blessed results. I shall again in these pages advert to the *Démissionnaire* Church in the Canton de Vaud. I desire, however, specially to refer to it here. If ever there were the true marks of a living Church, I humbly think they are to be found in that small communion, numbering not much more than 5000 people. There is a

humility manifest among them, which after all their sufferings is truly refreshing to witness, and betokens much grace. On asking one of their pastors what the spiritual condition of his Church was, he gently replied, "They are thirsting for the services—and we hope, that in time God will do something for us." Their devotedness is simple and self-denying. They do not wish for any pecuniary support from other countries, because they feel that every Church should be self-supporting, and though they are very poor, they succeed in effecting this. The comparative condition of their body and the other Protestant Church in the Canton, is in every respect remarkable. Take one particular. In the latter with 130 parishes, and the demand for several ministers, only *one* candidate offered himself within a year. The former with their small and scattered numbers have within the last year ordained *four*,—*six* or *seven* are under training, and since the demission, *nineteen* have been ordained. In many of the rural districts among the hills and romantic glens—near Sepey for example, some of these pastors of the Canton de Vaud are doing a great work in the conversion of sinners and edifying of saints.

Strengthen then the hands of these men of God. Urge them on beyond the bounds of their own Canton. Encourage them to bold action in the spreading of that precious gospel with which they are put in trust. With all becoming wisdom and prudence, but without losing this all-precious time, let them be prepared to scatter broadcast over Switzerland those everlasting principles of truth they possess. Bid them take God's words to Joshua, under

more unpromising circumstances than their own, and apply them to themselves,—“Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.” Were Christians in this country to take an enlarged view of their responsibilities, how potent, how irresistible might be the agency brought to bear, by their means, upon the powers of darkness in Italy. A reviving Protestantism in Switzerland, driving, by the brightness of its light, all the moles and the bats of Popery into their own proper darkness! All this again acting with untold power on the faithful communities of God’s people in the Grisons and the valleys of Piedmont, leading them to a heavenly rivalry of love and good works, and thus causing the Church of Christ in these lands, so wonderful and glorious in their natural features, to break forth on the right hand and on the left, and possess the gate of her enemies.

In drawing these remarks to a close, I am glad to say that a proposal has been already made to found a normal school at La Tour in the valleys. It would be unwise were I in these pages to enter into the particulars of this proposal;—suffice it to say, however, that it opens a wide field of promise for the future, both as regards the increased efficiency of the Vaudois Church itself, its influence on Roman Catholics around it, and the attracting to it the evangelical Christians of the Canton Grisons, to whom I have alluded. Christians in this country will not have to wait long, I trust, before the project is matured, and their assistance and support earnestly demanded.

CHAPTER IV.

ESTABLISHMENT OF NORMAL SCHOOL AT LA TOUR.

THE hope that a normal school might be established at La Tour, to which reference is made at the close of the previous chapter, was realized very soon after the first edition of this volume was published. The circumstances attendant on this were of a singular and interesting character, plainly marking the work of the Spirit of God in His quickening power on the Vaudois themselves, and giving no less manifest an indication to British Christians of the instrumentality God himself is thus preparing for the purpose of carrying the Gospel into Italy.

The moderator of the Vaudois Church, without being in the least aware of the above proposal, wrote a letter in the month of October 1852, to Count St. George, at Geneva, from which the following is an extract, and which proves how remarkably Providence was ordering events at La Tour for the carrying out of this important plan:—

“ LA TOUR, 20th November 1852.

“ SIR AND MUCH HONOURED BROTHER,—The cordial reception you gave me a year ago,—the very deep interest which you have always manifested towards us, and a few words

which Mr. Drummond of Edinburgh said to me during a short but very delightful visit he paid to us this summer, seem to authorize me to take the liberty, after much hesitation, of communicating to you some particulars respecting our normal school opened at La Tour, by way of experiment, about the middle of the month of August last. During the last ten years we were able to intrust the superintendence of all our principal schools to Mr. Gauthey's pupils. From the day when this excellent teacher was forced to leave his country, we have been obliged to think of some means by which to prepare our future schoolmasters in this country: the necessity becoming more urgent, the Lord brought about an event which enabled us seriously to resolve on meeting it. The Latin school of Pomaret had not a single pupil this year. The Rev. Mr. Gay, who had the charge of it, was invited to La Tour, that we might prepare him for our new school. Mr. Tron was unanimously chosen as the person the best qualified to organize and direct it. Mr. Gay took the principal part of the lessons of Mr. Tron's class. At the opening of this school the youngest son of the late pastor Appia arrived among us from Frankfort. This young licentiate of theology came to visit his fatherland and to recruit his shattered health; he had been employed for some time at Courbevoie by Mr. Gauthey; he made an offer to give some lessons in order to relieve Mr. Tron, which we accepted. Along with Messrs. Tron, Appia, and Gay, we appointed Mr. Olivet, an excellent writing-master, who, besides writing lessons, gives some in linear drawing.

“ Everything was so well arranged that the normal school is progressing most favourably, with twelve pupils as boarders and five or six day-scholars. As we cannot now draw back, we have undertaken to raise 1500 or 1600 francs, although we have no resources of our own for this object. Lately Mr. Appia was urgently invited to Germany, to fill a situation as teacher. We promised him 1000 francs for the present year, and he decided upon remaining at La Tour. Other unavoidable expenses have brought us in for a sum of nearly 600 francs.

“ I hope you will not consider it too great a liberty if I ask you to recommend our little normal school at La Tour to some of your numerous Christian friends. You will enlarge the debt of gratitude, which will always be remembered before the throne of Grace, by your humble and very affectionate brother in Christ,

“ T. P. REVEL, *Moderator.*”

The above letter was sent from Geneva to Edinburgh at the commencement of this year, when it was at once determined to open a communication with the valleys, in order to aid the faithful in the Church there, not only to proceed in the cause they had commenced, but to encourage them in making efforts to extend the operations and to increase the efficiency of their institution.

A sum of money sufficient to remove any anxiety from the minds of those who had undertaken the responsibility of at once launching this new scheme was soon provided, and the following letter from M. Revel was subsequently

received. It will still farther demonstrate the importance of having a normal school at La Tour.

“ LA TOUR, *March 2, 1853.*

“ MUCH HONOURED AND VERY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—
It is impossible for me to express to you as I could wish the joy which your precious letter of the 18th of last month has given me. I have not yet had an opportunity of communicating the contents of it to my colleagues of the ‘Table,’ and I do not wish to wait till I can do so without giving you some tokens of my heartfelt gratitude and Christian affection. I rejoice at the prospect you hold out to me of keeping up an intercourse between us by prayer, by tokens of brotherly love, and by letters. The warm expressions of your recollection of your too short visit have revived all my delightful impressions of our walk to the Pra del Tor and to the Vachère. The rich harvest which you tell me you have gathered from your charitable congregation for our rising normal school, is a proof that the hours of relaxation and apparent leisure of men of God are the times for sowing in the Lord’s field ; for the precious and welcome fruits you now send us have germinated among the flowers of the Vachère.

“ Since you ask how you can transmit the £90 to us for our normal school, let me beg you, if it is convenient, to pay it over to Messrs. Thomasset & Cuffley, London, to the account of Mr. Joseph Malan, banker, Turin, for the normal school at La Tour, and in the name of the ‘Table.’

“ I am happy to tell you that this school is going on

very well. The sixteen pupils who attend it have, up to this time, given us entire satisfaction. I can say that especially of Cereghini from St. Vincent de Favale, one of the six who have been brought to trial for having read and embraced the Bible, and for having refused to continue their adherence to the practices of the Romish Church. You probably are aware, beloved brother, of this awakening which has taken place in two families of this mountainous commune, above Chiavari, in the Riviera to the east of Genoa. The young man who is now at La Tour was a sort of minstrel ; he went from place to place singing ballads composed by one of his cousins, and accompanying himself upon the violin. He came to La Tour and attended an Italian service in our church ; he was struck with it, begged to purchase an Italian Bible, and asked for the explanation of certain passages ;—he returned to Turin, where he attended evangelical preaching. Summoned by his father to give an account of his religious opinions, he was forced to confer with the priest, who denounced him as a heretic. There was a long discussion in the father's presence. The young man—his mind stored with his Testament, which he knew very well—quoted many passages to the priest ; the latter having no better arguments, replied by rudeness and abuse. The father put an end to the conference, and led away his son, observing like a man of good sense, ‘ It is the priest who is in the wrong, since to the words of your gospel he can only answer by coarse language and invective.’ From that time the father wished to know what was contained in that

gospel which his son had brought to him. They began to read the Word of God in the family. The Holy Spirit opened their hearts ; they grasped at the fundamental truths, abandoned the Papal superstitions and practices, made an *auto da fè* of their crucifixes and household images, and were denounced by the priests to the other inhabitants of Favale as heretics, and condemned. They, on their part, full of fervour, seized every opportunity that lay in their power to manifest their faith and to combat the errors which they now repudiated. A young man of the family wished to marry ; all the legal rites were performed ; the young couple presented themselves to the priest for his blessing, but he would only grant it upon condition that they would deliver up their Bibles, and bind themselves never again to read this detestable book of the heretics. They absolutely refused to do so ; they went away and then returned with witnesses to declare before the priest, that if he would not marry them, they would proclaim themselves man and wife. This was done, and the priest then denounced them.

“ They were arrested ; and after being detained three months and a half in prison, were brought to trial last week ;—the husband was condemned to seven days’ imprisonment, reckoning from the day of the sentence ; and the wife to five days, dating from her arrest. Their advocate wrote, that the young man shewed so much firmness, such humble and serious sentiments, as moved all the audience, and even the judges, almost to tears. Four others (including the one from La Tour) will be judged by

the Court of Appeal of Genoa for offences against the religion of the State. One of the four is the sister of our pupil teacher, a young girl of sixteen years of age, who was the last to embrace the Gospel. When the other members of the family performed worship together, she kept aloof, and reported to the priest what was said and done. Last autumn she was taken to Casale by her brother; she assisted at the prayer meetings, which were presided over by the advocate Rocchietti, and was brought over to the pure truth of the Gospel. From that time she read and explained the Scriptures as well as she was able to the other Christians who could read and who were either dispersed or in prison.

“The furious priest provoked her into a religious discussion with some other women, and had her arrested for having injured the Catholic religion. The priests in their frenzy actually publish the gospel truths in places and to persons that we could never reach. We are thinking of appointing the pupil who is at La Tour, schoolmaster and evangelist among his own people. During the month of January, I made a tour to Nice and Genoa. Some friends in the first mentioned town wished us to send them a minister of our Church who could preach in French and Italian. I thought this would be very desirable;—the only difficulty which presents itself is, that we have not just now a person at our disposal. I was much gratified with the results which have attended our evangelists at Genoa. Sixty Genoese and refugees attend the prayer meetings regularly. Fifteen have received the communion. The

work at Turin astonishes us every day by its rapid progress. Dr. De Sanctis has gone to fetch his family to settle permanently at Turin. I understand, that on his departure from Geneva, he received a notice not to cross the frontier of Savoy on pain of being arrested ; now, I am told that an immediate demand at Turin would have caused the interdict to be removed. The unhappy movements in Lombardy cause these difficulties ; but the minister Cavour has offered sufficient protection for liberty of conscience. Believe me, beloved and honoured brother, with deep gratitude and warm attachment, your humble brother in Jesus Christ, T. P. REVEL, *Moderator*."

The following letter from the Vice-Moderator, and three of his brethren of the Table, will likewise be read with interest, as farther illustrating the object of the Vaudois Table in founding their normal school :—

" EGLISE VAUDOISE, POMARÉ, *May 17, 1853.*

" REVEREND SIR AND VERY DEAR BROTHER,—The Table has already, at least partly, replied to your letter of the 21st of April last, in acknowledging to the treasurer of your committee the receipt of £104 (2600 francs), liberally bestowed for the support of our normal school for training masters ; and it joyfully seizes this opportunity to express its deep gratitude to you, dear brother, whom it knows to have been the promoter and principal agent of this charitable work.

" As to the information you wish regarding this school,

in which you have taken such a deep interest, the Table thinks it must not defer giving it to you till the Moderator has returned from his distant tour.

“And first, the plan we proposed for working this school was a comprehensive one. Some of our parishes were, and are still, unprovided with a good master for the head school, and after the unfortunate politico-religious revolution in the Canton de Vaud, the normal school of Lausanne no longer presented the same security for learning and piety as formerly, so that we could not recommend our young men to go there. Besides, our situations of parochial schoolmaster do not afford a sufficient remuneration for the expenses which one or two years of study entail upon the stranger. The large schools prepare masters for the schools of hamlets, and how can they make good teachers if they are badly conducted? Then again, instruction in the Italian language, which has become indispensable, and of great importance in our schools, can only be imparted by persons well versed in that language; and, in order to acquire a sufficient knowledge of it, it is necessary to have the lessons given in the language, as well as long practice, which it is impossible to obtain in a Swiss or French school.

“Besides the regular parishes of the Vaudois Church, we have to provide for the wants of all the large and small flocks which are forming in our country; one of the first requisites for the new converts being incontestably that of having the means of instructing their children in the principles which they have themselves embraced. In short, it was necessary to take into consideration the means for

preparing colporteurs and evangelists that we must soon perhaps send, at least, into Piedmont. The establishment of a normal school appeared to us an excellent plan for at once satisfying these different demands. And supposing the case a very probable one, that a certain number of the young men educated at this school might not have a very decided calling, or sufficient talent in any of these ways, we thought they would at least make intelligent fathers of families, good magistrates in their communes, clever merchants or labourers.

“ The lessons they receive are the following :—French and Italian composition, and exercises in style in the two languages ; Bible history, with practical explanations of the New Testament ; geography, arithmetic, writing, linear drawing, singing, botany ; and, during the second year, besides these branches, a special course of initiatory teaching chiefly. These lessons, occupying thirty-six hours a-week, are given by Professor Tron, whose principal class has been entrusted to Professor Gay of Pomaret, to whom the superintendence of the school has been given, and by three other professors of the college, with whom we have had the pleasure of associating the son of our late excellent countryman, Pastor Appia of Frankfort. An old pupil of the college has been appointed to give the writing and drawing lessons. By a very fortunate though unexpected event, the Latin school of Pomaret having suddenly been deprived of pupils, the rector of this school, Mr. Gay, has been transferred to La Tour, and it is this circumstance which enabled us to open our school since last year.

“ The number of regular pupils who have attended it has been twelve, and five other day scholars have been added who came a little later, but whom we thought we ought to admit, although they had not passed through the prescribed examination for admission. Among the latter is the son of the colporteur Menghotti, and a member of the Cereghini family, the first fruits of the Gospel in the Riviera, an interesting young man, and who has overcome by dint of application the obstacles which his lack of intellectual culture at first presented to him. He is one of those who was condemned to two months’ imprisonment ; but he is allowed to live in peace at La Tour, where his presence is no secret. As all these pupils have conscientiously improved all the care bestowed on them, we have no doubt that the examination they are to pass through in a few days will produce satisfactory results.

“ The establishment of the normal school has necessarily caused great changes in the interior of our college, and consequently heavy expenses, the amount of which it is not possible yet for us to determine precisely ; but, thanks to the share we have been able to draw from Mr. Gay, who assisted us out of his own stipend as rector of Pomaret, we do not think the total expense of the first year will exceed the sum of 2500 francs. Supposing it were necessary some time or other to place a special director at the head of this school, and to associate with him some masters as assistants, we do not think the keeping up of this establishment will cost more than 3000 francs a year. It

is true it would be a great advantage for the Table to have at its disposal a little fund to be employed in encouraging and supporting, during the course, those young men who are very poor, and in whom we can discover talents and particularly promising dispositions ; but this expense not being absolutely indispensable, we do not think we should insist more upon it.

“ I think by the preceding we have answered your principal questions, and we shall not fail to keep you ‘ au courant ’ as to the progress of our school, as well as that of the work of God, for the support of which our friends in Scotland have undoubtedly made great sacrifices. We are indulging the hope that you will soon pay us a visit in our valleys, and are rejoicing at the prospect of becoming personally acquainted with you. May the Lord bless you and preserve you both in body and soul, as also ourselves, in order that this pleasure which we experience in anticipation may soon be realized.

“ Accept, much honoured sir and dear brother, with the renewed expression of our gratitude, our best respects and Christian affection, your devoted servants and brothers in Christ, the members of the Table,

“ P. LANTARET, *Mod. Adj^t*.

“ ETIENNE GAY, *M.*

“ JOS. MALAN.

“ T. DURAND CANTON, *Sec.*”

I have thought it well to give these letters in full, because they appear to me to point out *one* way at least in

which Christians in this country may directly and most efficiently help on the great work of evangelization in Italy. Let me very briefly point out the advantage of using the opportunity thus afforded to us.

1. By supporting the normal school, and endeavouring to increase its efficiency, we are aiding the faithful men among the Vaudois in their efforts to promote the true spiritual benefit of their own mountain Church. Such an institution must, with God's blessing, have the happiest effect in stimulating what is dormant among them to new life and vigorous action, and in strengthening the hands of those godly pastors who are diligently seeking the spiritual welfare of the people.

2. The training of schoolmasters and evangelists will be a double advantage, because, while on the one hand it will call forth from different parts of the country some of the most hopeful and promising of the Vaudois youth, on the other, we may expect the institution rapidly and constantly to supply a succession of such agents as, in every respect, are most suitable for the present work to be done in Italy.

3. And thus, too, the missionary spirit in the Vaudois Church will be greatly enlarged. The members of it will become every day more sensible of the call made on them by Divine Providence, and by their brethren in other lands, that they shall become the Mission Church for Italy.

4. Besides, by thus aiding them in the support of this normal school among themselves, other funds at the disposal of the Vaudois Church are set at liberty for the all-important mission work in which they are engaged.

5. And farther, the funds which may be devoted to this purpose can always be traced in their application, and a very large amount of real good effected by what appears to us in this country a comparatively very small expenditure.

I think what I have now advanced will receive strong confirmation from the following words of M. Lantaret, the vice-president of the Vaudois Church, in a letter written to my friend Mr. Maclean, the treasurer of a small Waldensian committee in my congregation:—"Many Christian friends are turning their eyes towards the work of the evangelization of Italy, and the mission which the Vaudois Church has commenced; and we have no fear that sympathy and assistance will fail us in that direction. But if the tree be not deep-rooted in the ground, if the trunk is poor and diseased, how can the branches extend? Now, the roots and the trunk are in these valleys; and we must bestow all possible care on them in order that they may soon have more abundant sap. The College at La Tour, and our *Normal School*, are the two establishments on which rests, for the most part, the future of the Vaudois Church, and up to a certain point that of the Gospel in our country."

I may farther add, as a very important testimony to the efficiency of the normal school as already commenced, the following extract of a letter from my friend Count St. George of Geneva, who has long desired to see such an institution in existence in the valleys, and who can speak from thorough knowledge of the whole subject:—"The interest for this institution which grew spontaneously and

without connexion, in so many minds and hearts at the same time, shews that the time has arrived when it is the will of the Lord that it should be called into existence. Mr. Tron, who is at the head of it, is a young minister of much piety and judgment, and very able. He was one of the good pupils of our theological school here, and is in every way worthy of the confidence of those Christians in Scotland who wish well to the school for training masters in the valleys."

I feel confident that these letters and extracts will more than establish my statements in endeavouring to promote the welfare of the school at La Tour. And I have then only to express my earnest hope and prayer, that Christians in this land will steadily and liberally support an institution, to the founding of which the Vaudois pastors were directed by such distinct leadings of Providence, which was undertaken by them in the spirit of faith and prayer, and for the permanent establishment of which they have already had no inconsiderable proof, that they may confidently look to the love and sympathy of Christ's brotherhood in this country.

When the ordinary expenses of the normal school are met, not simply on the scale on which it has been commenced by way of experiment, but on a fully enlarged and efficient basis, then it will be well to follow out the admirable suggestion of the Table:—"It is true it would be a great advantage for the Table to have at its disposal a little fund to be employed in encouraging and supporting during the course those young men who are very poor, and

in whom we can discern talents, and particularly, promising dispositions." A few bursaries, each of but small amount, would provide for the education of young men as evangelists and schoolmasters, not only from the valleys of Piedmont in the west, but from the Alpine valleys of Switzerland as they slope down to Italy in the east, who could not otherwise be enlisted in the cause of spreading the Gospel in Italy.

I conclude, then, with an earnest appeal to all in these lands who love the Lord, who desire to behold the honour of their Master vindicated, and the purity of His Church established, that they lose no time in helping Italy, by aiding the Vaudois Church. Thus let them seek to encounter the system of fraud and imposture which, under the name of Christianity, is seeking at this moment to crush out by its heavy tread the faint yet certain indications of spiritual life in Italy. "The time is short," indeed, in any view; but how short, who can tell? The present season of toleration of the Vaudois Church by the Sardinian Government is a precious one. But will it last for ever? Let not the present "opportunity," then, of doing good unto all, and especially unto those who are of "the household of faith," be lost. Let us strike in time, and strike home. Let there not be added to the many heavy accusations which already weigh terribly on the Christianity of Great Britain—the fearful curse for "not coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty," when "war is in the gates," and the hosts are "shouting for the battle."

CHAPTER V.

SWITZERLAND.

THE JURA—BERNE—THUN—THE SIMMENTHAL—THE SAANEN—
BULLE—ST. DENIS—VEVAY—LAUSANNE.

MAISON RIED, THUN, *May 28, 1852.*

WE have been most graciously favoured throughout our journey hither by a kind and watchful Providence. Not an accident of any kind, not even a single cause of temporary alarm, and only one forenoon of wet weather! We came on to Thun on the 26th, and yesterday we sheltered ourselves in this little cottage. It is impossible to describe my sensations on entering into this glorious country. Our journey on Monday from Basle through the Val Moutier or Münster Thal, was one of the most splendid that can be conceived for variety and magnificence of scenery. Enormous cliffs overhanging the road—gigantic mountains appearing to pierce the skies, as they closed in on every side—the contrast between the pale bluish grey of the rocks, and the brilliant verdure of the grassy slopes, together with the interminable forests of trees of every imaginable kind and hue, enlivened the whole way by the lovely stream of the Birs, tinted to the most delicate sea-green by the melting glaciers, made altogether a scene so

surpassingly rich, lovely, and sublime, as to make one feel that nothing was left to desire. I had considerably chastened my expectations of Switzerland, from the conviction that drawings of scenery are generally exaggerated, but no picture can approach the reality of that gorge in the great range of the Jura mountains. As we descended from the Pass on this side, we got our first distant view of the mighty Alps. The spur of the mountain range, down which we were rapidly descending, widened before us, and we saw a panorama of Alps extending to more than a hundred miles in length, and being about fifty miles distant, set as it were in the gorgeous framework of blended rock and tree of the great Jura, through which we were ardently gazing.

On Tuesday evening we drove into Berne, the seat of the Federal Government of Switzerland, and now we were approaching nearer and nearer to "the chief things of the ancient mountains," and "the utmost bound of the everlasting hills!" As we approached the capital, which is most beautifully situated, and passed along a kind of terraced road, the whole of the Bernese Alps, the mighty Oberland burst upon our view. If we had been five minutes sooner or later, we should have missed what we *did* see, just as we passed along the terrace for that space of time,—the whole range glowing like fire in the rays of the setting sun. We were quite overpowered—to speak was impossible. The only thing that I can at all compare to my sensations at that moment, are the solemn and awful, yet calm and happy emotions, that are sometimes

experienced in the house of God, and in the midst of the great congregation.

On Wednesday we reached Thun, which lies nestled at the very portals of the Alps, with the richest valleys sweeping away from it to the north, and its lovely lake reflecting the black masses of the nearer hills, and the pure white of the loftier range behind. Just conceive, the first sight which met my eye on awaking this morning was the rugged peak of the Stockhorn, which rises on this side with great abruptness from the plain, and which is still streaked with snow. What a view! not merely from a bed-room window, but from bed! Then from our large balcony to the south-east, how shall I describe the scene! It makes me an idle man, for I can do little else than run every now and then to gaze at it. First, around us are the beautifully kept vineyards of the proprietor of the cottage, richly cultivated fields and pastures of the most brilliant green. On the left a rugged steep, with here and there a lovely Swiss cottage perched on a little slope, or half hidden amid limes, chestnuts, and lilacs. Rock and wood blended together in most exquisite harmony complete the foreground, together with a wood of old beech and fir to the right, in which are shaded walks and terraced paths. Over this lies, like a sheet of molten silver, the lake of Thun, and beyond, filling up the picture—the glory of glories, the range of Bernese Alps. We have nearest, and frowning down upon us as if keeping watch and ward over the mighty region beyond, the Niesen, with his sharp-peaked summit and precipitous sides. Then to the right, the Doldenhorn with his

crown of snow, and the singular and fantastic Stockhorn. To the left, and filling up a mighty space, reclines in majesty the Blumlis Alp, perhaps the most beautiful of all the range. Never in the hottest summer does that pure dazzling robe of white disappear. The eternal snow lies there, not broken into immense patches as on the other hills, by enormous masses of black rock, like scars on its beauty, but spread out with queenly dignity like a royal robe of glittering white. Then, still more to the left, springs up into the sky the brightest and grandest of all, the Jungfrau ; while beyond are the Mönch, the Eigher, &c., standing like the barriers of another world. I can only say that, as far as my experience goes, it is impossible for any expectation to be disappointed when the real scene lies before you. I never dreamed of so lovely and sublime a country. It is difficult to believe in its reality ; one almost expects to see it fade away like the creation of some fairy tale or a vision of the night, and leave not a trace behind.

Our first Sabbath on the Continent was spent at Basle ; there is perhaps more outward decency in regard to the Sabbath there than in most other towns to be met with on the Continent. It was unfortunate that the little English chapel in connexion with the hotel was not opened. By a mistake of the waiter, we found ourselves in a French Protestant church where the service was in *German*. We had a *church in the house*, however, and singularly enough the chapter which came in my own course of reading, and which I read and expounded to my family, was the 16th of St. John. Nothing could be more appropriate. Christ.

consoles his people with the promise of the Comforter, and the very pith and marrow of that consolation may be expressed in the beautiful lines of our hymn,—

“ Where’er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every spot is hallowed ground.”

We thought of all our beloved ones at home, and our hearts yearned after them ; but we felt that the great promise was really fulfilled, for we enjoyed communion with them all. Distance could not really separate us, sea and land together were but feeble barriers when met by the mightiness of that promise, “ He shall take of mine and shew it unto you ;” and when we prayed for those far away, we felt that they were praying for us—that we were in the light of the same Sun of Righteousness, all enjoying after our measure the blessings of that communion in the kingdom of grace, which the Spirit administers, and which are but a pledge and an antepast of the perfect communion which we hope to enjoy hereafter.

12th June.—We begin to feel quite settled in our Swiss home. We have had some delightful rambles in the neighbourhood, visiting Interlaken and the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, with its wondrous Staubbach Fall. I expect my excellent friend, Mr. Macdonald of Rossie Castle, this afternoon, with his brother-in-law, who are to join me in a short tour through Switzerland and part of Italy.

Monday, 14th June.—Left my sweet mountain-home this morning, and started with my two friends. Sorrowful leave-takings and pleasant anticipations blended ; the bitter and the sweet mingled, just as it ever is, more or less, and

ought to be, in a world which it is indeed fatal to make a place of rest, and equally fatal not to make a place of hope.

The first part of our drive was most enjoyable. The valley of the Simmenthal, through which our route lay, was magnificent. Some splendid peeps of the Blumlis, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, &c. The gorge of the valley, as it branches off from the road to Frutigen, is glorious ; the river far down below rushing impetuously on ; the *green, green* fields around, with all the tokens of successful industry ; and looking calm and beautiful, a fine old castle, (Wimmis,) a good type of man's decay, amid the ever returning spring of nature ; above are the grand pine forests creeping up the slopes of the hills, and fringing their rugged edges ; and above all the serene white of the everlasting snow, contrasting finely in its calm repose, with the turbulent, noisy, dashing, changing stream below. It was the stream of time flowing on in presence of eternity. By the time we reached Boltingen, about half-past eleven o'clock, the weather changed, the clouds hung darkly and heavily on the hills, and then followed a perfect deluge of rain. Even through the rain and the mist, however, we could perceive that we were passing through most magnificent scenery, particularly on a long ascent, near the head of the valley. Still we were very glad to be able to close the carriage and make all snug within. It is not always that poor humanity has a loop-hole of retreat from outward trouble ! As we reached the level, where the carriage road leaves the River Simmen, which it had followed almost all the way from Thun, the wind increased to a gale, and

the cold became intense. We soon entered the little miserable village of Saanen, where we had to remain shivering till the poor horses got their allowance of bread and water. While stamping along the streets, trying to get something like circulation into our feet, a poor woman addressed us in *English* ! She had seen and recognised us as foreigners, and could not resist speaking to us ; she is a native of Hampshire, but married a Swiss, and has been settled at Saanen for nearly thirty years. How strong is the love of country ! Though she has a large family, and has become entirely one with the people in the land of her adoption, tears came to her eyes at the very sound of her native tongue, and she sighed deeply and too manifestly from the heart, when she sadly expressed her fear, that *now* she could never expect to see her own country any more. Why should not Christian hearts glow as warmly towards their heavenly country ? And why should not the language of Caanan sound equally at least as music to the ear, and thrill the soul, as the accents of those earthly languages which, as they exist, are but indications of our fall ?

15th June.—We reached Chateau d'Oex, our quarters for the night, about eight o'clock, with great satisfaction, though not without difficulty. After leaving Saanen, one of the horses chose to get sulky at several hills, and budge he would not ; so we had nothing for it but to jump out in all the rain and wind, and by dint of sheer force, two at the wheels and two behind, we *forced* him on. The little inn where we slept was very comfortable, and the people very obliging ; we had, however, among other curiosities,

the smallest apologies for basins I ever witnessed, a moderate sized slop-bowl would have been quite a *trésor trouvé*. The next morning dawned even as the preceding evening had closed, with rain and cold. Very much fresh snow had fallen, not only on the higher mountains, but almost to the level of the village, (about 3000 feet above the sea,) and it was most exciting to look out in the middle of June, and to see the bloom, the verdure, and the richness of summer at your feet, and within five minutes' walk, the trees silvered over with snow, and winter's train sweeping by. Many cattle in the neighbourhood were overtaken by the storm and killed. Hundreds came rushing down into the valley, and were found in the morning in fields and orchards, and in fact in every place, except where they were expected.

Of course the walk we had proposed for ourselves over the shoulder of the Jaman was out of the question. The fresh snow would have made the road very difficult in some places, and besides we should have been in the clouds the whole day, so we made a merit of necessity, and went on in the carriage to Vevay. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the hedge-rows for several miles of the road after leaving Chateau d'Oex. They were truly English, with the addition of some most splendid flowers, which only stirred up my envy because I could not get at them. For four or five miles the new road had not been completed, and the old almost destroyed, so we had to pass over some rather curious bits of carriage way, especially as all the streams were flooded by the melting snow. We came to a

bridge which was originally intended to lead the road *over* the water, but being half broken down by the torrent, it was leading the road *through* the water, with large rocks and stones falling on it from the precipices above. Over it, however, we went, wondering a little whether we were to finish our journey by water. We thought we had got clear of it, when our sulky grey horse chose again to stand still before the hind wheels were clear of the stream. Fortunately we were able to jump out *clear* of the water, though drenched with the rain, and again we had to help our horses onwards. Thus, by dint of horses and men, we got the carriage and the luggage safe on to Bulle, where we dined. This is a very pretty clean looking town in Canton Friburg. Our next start in the afternoon was for Vevay, and I became much excited with the expectation of seeing that lake of which I had heard, and read, and dreamed so much. The first part of the road lay through a very beautiful and highly cultivated country, the gorge of the Saanen trending to the left, with the striking castle and fort of the Counts of Gruyères, and in front appeared the rugged peaks of the hills on the Savoy side of the lake of Geneva. We halted for a few minutes at a small village called St. Denis, about seven miles from Vevay, just before you leave the Catholic Canton of Friburg for the Protestant Canton of Vaud. While there I strolled into the church-yard, and had a glorious view of the Jaman and the valley of the Veveyse, not however untroubled, for the Papists had selected that very spot, the finest possible for a view, to plant one of their great staring

crosses about twenty feet high, with all sorts of unpleasant inscriptions on it. I wandered back through the churchyard. There was a new-made grave. It was the end of the pilgrimage to some weary worn-out traveller. Ah, what matters the change by the way—what matters it if the journey be long or short, in summer or in winter, if the grave be only the *gate* of everlasting life. Is that wanderer at peace? I thought. The chanting of the requiem over his grave will not give it. The blood, the precious blood alone, can do *that*. Then as I passed to an obscure part of the cemetery where lay the *poor* of the village, I could not help thinking that perhaps here, where many a short and careless prayer had been muttered over the body, God might have had *some* hidden *ones*—some who in spite of their system, still trusted simply in their Redeemer, and were saved, “yet so as by fire.”

After leaving St. Denis, the country began to assume a character of peculiar beauty and grandeur. On the left there was a splendid view up towards the Jaman, and a single peep of the lake Lemman in front roused me to a very high pitch of enthusiasm. The afternoon had cleared a little, and I was full of hope; but, alas, like many other earthly things, just when I expected the full enjoyment of one of the most beautiful roads in Switzerland, down dropped the clouds again, and all was thick and sombre. It was a little trial of patience. However, I had hardly begun to feel perfectly satisfied with the wet and the dullness, since it was to be so—when to my unspeakable delight, and all unexpectedly, a puff of wind suddenly dispersed the

clouds, and the whole glory and loveliness of the scene burst upon me. There is a very long zig-zag road for several miles down to Vevay, and I immediately jumped out of the carriage, followed by Macdonald, and we walked on, sending the carriage before us. We thoroughly enjoyed it. The valley of the Rhone lay mapped out before us at the head of the lake—rich, verdant, sparkling in the evening sun, with the serpent-like twisting of the river throughout, until the rugged hills of the gorge in the far distance, topped by the beautiful snowy peaks of the Dent-de-Midi, closed the view. Vevay lay at our feet, though from the many twists and turns of our road, about three miles off. Clarens, Montreux, and the castle of Chillon, filled up the wondrous picture between Vevay and the Rhone. Opposite were the rugged and massive hills of Savoy, and the lovely lake stretched far away in the distance to the right—looking more like an arm of the sea than a lake, with its soft waves dancing and glimmering in the evening sun, strange and fairy-like tints of blue and purple and green flitting over its surface, with here and there a little threatening-like squall, as if to warn the fascinated traveller not to trust implicitly to the gentle smile that rivetted his gaze. The scene was indeed enchanting. I shall never forget the impression made on my mind by it. I think I never felt so full of quiet happy rapture, in looking at the grand and the beautiful in nature, and I think I did feel too, with something of a grateful heart, the great kindness of my heavenly Father, in permitting me in his providence fully to enjoy the scene

before me. Oh, how unutterably sweet it is to wait on him for all things—to hide “in the secret place of the most high” when the storm is abroad, and to “walk in the light of his countenance,” when he says to the storm, “Peace, be still.”

There is an English chaplain resident at Vevay, and, as far as we could learn, he seems to be a faithful and a good man. The congregation has very much increased during the last year or two. Formerly a room in the Hôtel des Trois Couronnes was found sufficient, but they are obliged now to rent a large room in the town, in order to accommodate the worshippers.

16th June.—We were favoured with a brilliant morning. After breakfast, and while waiting for the steamer from the head of the lake to take us to Lausanne, I walked on the flat roof of the hotel. I had it all to myself for half an hour, and enjoyed it exceedingly. I could look from the quiet grandeur and loveliness of the panorama round me, down to the bustle and turmoil of the people below, who were preparing to put off in the hotel boat to the steamer. The contrast between the silent eloquence of nature, and gabbling, gossiping, flaunting humanity, was very much to the disadvantage of the latter. We enjoyed a delightful sail of about an hour on the lake to Lausanne, or rather to Ouchy, which is the port of Lausanne, being about a mile distant from it. I must say, however, that I think lake scenery is very much lost by sailing in steam-boats. I do not merely mean that one's quiet appreciation of fine scenery is fearfully interfered with, by the crowds which

are generally to be found on board—this is bad enough—but I do not think that the scenery itself can ever be seen to great advantage from the water, unless by taking a little boat, and penetrating all the nooks and crannies in the shore. The reason is, I think, obvious. You lose in the distance very much of the beauty of the coast; and even when near enough not to lose it, the effect on the whole is not so pleasing to the eye, by reason of the long flat expanse of water over which it is seen. It is in fact in this respect, much as it is in scenery where wide and verdant and luxuriant plains are surrounded by undulating hills and rugged mountains,—as long as you are among the slopes or on the tops, the plain adds infinite beauty to the view, but once descend into the level, and move on in the dead flat, and that beauty is in a very considerable measure lost. The same thing applies, as I think, to the shores of a lake as seen from the water in the ordinary track of a steam-boat, and these same shores, as seen from roads winding about their creeks, and surmounting their steepes here and there, with the lake ever playing at your feet—now approaching, then receding, lost for a moment but to appear the next—here hemmed in distinct and clear, then expanding away into the hazy distance;—at one time reflecting as in a mirror every object on the shore, at the next with its little petulant waves ruffling in the summer breeze. Loch Lomond in Scotland, to any one who has sought out its beauties by land and by water, affords a striking confirmation to the correctness of the above view. We propose, therefore, going to Martigny, not by

steaming up the lake, and so on by the road, but to take the southern shore through Savoy. I do not mean with all this that I was in the least disappointed with the lake, very far from it. It in every respect exceeded my expectations, and the sail to Lausanne was not the least enjoyable. Leaving our luggage to come on by the omnibus, we walked on to Lausanne. About half way we were much amused by seeing a large school of very gentlemanly boys at their gymnastic exercises ; nor did we look on long before we found that a considerable portion of them were English boys, their mother tongue every now and then breaking through their acquired one, and sounding very clear and melodious in our ears. Of course we thought the English boys by far the finest looking and the most active, as well as powerful ! Arrived at the Hotel Gibbon, and sent off notes of introduction to Mr. — and Professor —, promising to call at three and four o'clock on each successively. We then sallied out, and had a very fine view of the town, and a distant one of the lake of Geneva from the bridge. This is one of the most interesting and striking things I ever witnessed. The town above is most picturesque, crowned as it is with the grand looking Cathedral—the lake, on the other side fenced in by the hills of Savoy, completes the picture, exactly such an one as Harding or Prout would delight in. We strolled up to the Cathedral. The large door is very beautiful, but the interior is by no means striking, and several of the monuments very poor. The most remarkable feature in the building is that no two of the pillars are alike. At three

o'clock Mr. M. and I called on Mr. —, and were most warmly and kindly received by him. He is a delightful man, reminding one in *appearance* not a little of Dr. J—— B—— of Edinburgh. We conversed with him for nearly an hour on the former and present state of his church, and its future prospects. The best portion of the old church of the Canton de Vaud were subjected to very great trial and persecution in 1845, because they would not carry out an imperious order of the civil tribunals. The simple faith, the child-like humility and dependence of this good man for his church and himself in God, were most singularly manifest in all he said. He certainly left upon my mind the very strongest impression of self-denying love, patience, and hope, under the circumstances of more than ordinary trial in which the church of the Canton de Vaud has been placed. We were likewise much refreshed and interested by our visit to Professor —. For myself I will freely own, that with all my enthusiastic love for the picturesque and the beautiful in nature, I should soon grow wearied with it all, were it not for such sweet intercourse here and there with God's own people. It is in such meetings and converse as we had at Lausanne, that the kingdom of grace appears so sweetly in the midst of the kingdom of nature, and sheds light and beauty over it all. It is this which imparts to it a real charm, which takes away its otherwise fading and transient character—it is this which gives life and spirit to the otherwise dead body of mere materialism, and in so blessed an union we indeed behold mirrored forth the glory

of God—on the one hand, his power, wisdom, and love in creation, which is as the “beautiful gate of the temple,” combined on the other with that inner life which is “hid with Christ in God,” and which is as the “holy of holies.” I began to feel some confidence that my tour was not simply to be one of enjoyment as regards scenery, but that God was preparing much refreshment for me in communion and fellowship with those who bear his image, and whom to love is to love himself.

The hotel in which we rested was built on the site of the house where Gibbon wrote his “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” His portrait, I cannot say adorned, but it certainly pointed a moral to me in the large saloon. When walking on the terrace in the evening, I fell into a long and interesting conversation with one of my companions on the weakness and the strength of kingdoms—and just as I was endeavouring to shew that external power was not always the sign, or the forerunner of lasting stability in a nation, and that it is alone righteousness which can truly exalt a people, we passed by the very acacia trees, under whose shadow the historian wrote many of those eloquent pages which tell so wonderfully of the passing away of one of the mightiest of the kingdoms of the earth at the very height of its power and glory!

In the evening we talked over our plans for our route, and I regretted very much to find that from the limited time at the disposal of my friends, I should be obliged to give up all idea of seeing Rome and Naples. This, I confess, was a very great disappointment to me.

17th June.—This morning broke most ominously. The rain poured down in torrents. The clouds hung low down and concealed the greater part of the opposite coast. The air, too, was so thick and hazy that I could have almost fancied I was looking over the Firth of Forth on a November day, with a considerable breeze from the east ! We did not, however, start till half-past twelve o'clock, and by that time the sun had begun to struggle through, and at length the whole heavens cleared, and hills, and lake, and trees, glittered like a new creation, and put on such a smile of joyous welcome, as sent a sunbeam into my heart. We were soon on board the steamer on our way to Geneva,—that city so lovely in its situation—so attractive by its view of the distant range of Mont Blanc, and especially so hallowed in its historical recollections, connected with the rise and progress of new light in the Church of Christ, and which has in the more recent portion of its history, given likewise too sad a proof how first love may grow cold. The first view of Geneva from the water is rather disappointing. In truth it is only when you have entered the town and seen the lake from it, that you find there is not a corner in which your disappointment can continue to linger. The view of that part which is on the island formed by the Rhone as it rushes out of the lake, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque I have ever seen. A sketch would be most valuable of this. Then the curious old-fashioned town, as it runs up the side of the hill on which it is built, surmounted by its sober, serious-looking cathedral, with the lake glistening at one side, the Rhone dashing through

like a race-horse at your feet, and the mighty hills in the back-ground, fills the eye with a picture not easily forgotten, and which seems to rest there as one worth remembering.

I have already mentioned the lovely blue of the lake of Geneva, when referring to Vevay, but as you approach the town of Geneva, the water, from some unexplained cause, becomes still more deep in colour, until when it flows out in the Rhone, it is intensely blue. Oh, it is a singularly beautiful sight to lean over the bridge, and watch it as it rushes down beneath you, so clear that you see the channel of the stream, so blue that you can scarce credit the testimony of your own eyes, and then as you look along the surface where the water shoals a little, the rich blue changes into a gorgeous purple. It is more like a river of fairy land, than like one in this our matter of fact world. We walked in the evening about a mile down the right bank of the Rhone, to a spot where we could distinguish the waters of the Arve as they meet the Rhone. This is a remarkable sight. The Rhone glides down rapidly but majestically, retaining the brilliant blue of his magic wave,—the Arve rushes down headlong with noise and turbulence, muddy and unclean. Their waters meet. For a long distance below they refuse to combine. On the left bank all is dirt and soil, as the turbid stream flows on,—on the other the Rhone keeps his bright hue, and yet if you follow their united and yet separate course far enough, you will see that gradually the bright blue river seems to become less, to be confined more to one side of the channel, until at length its muddy fellow altogether prevails, and

from that point even to the sea, the Rhone never recovers his purity, but rushes into the Mediterranean a polluted stream. It is a lesson delivered by two rivers to poor man. Once let the touch of impurity and corruption be on us—once join company with the sinner and the profane—once cast in our lot with the froward and the vile, and the end is certain. Our first step might have been, as with angel purity—the beginning of our course might have been, like that of Adam, unsullied and transparent, but once to touch sin, is to begin to be polluted. Gradually the pure becomes impure—the diadem of beauty falls from the head of him who suffers the unclean thing to come near him—soon the whole nature undergoes a complete change. Once bright and pure in the image of its Maker, it has at length become so contaminated, that from the sole of the foot, even to the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores, and if left to pursue its course, without the letting in of the “healing waters” of life, it must rush into eternity vile, degraded, and lost.

CHAPTER VI.

GENEVA—VILLENUEVE—SAINT MAURICE—SALLENOCHE—MARTIGNY—SAINT
PIERRE—GREAT SAINT BERNARD—SAINT REMY—CORMAYEUR—GLA-
CIERS—COL DE LA SEIGNE—MONT BLANC.

GENEVA, *Friday 18th.*

SENT letters of introduction to —, and to —. The latter had left town for his country-house about three miles distant. We called on him in the afternoon, and found him to be a “good centurion” indeed, deeply engaged in promoting the Lord’s work by the agency of the Evangelical Society of Geneva, and doing a work of the greatest benevolence at his own door, in carrying on an establishment planned and supported by himself, for the relief of poor sick people. Oh, how delightful it is to meet with Christ’s true-hearted, loyal, and self-denying servants in the midst of this “naughty world !” One is led sometimes to see the special mark of worldliness brought out more distinctly than at others,—“All seek their own things,”—and travelling in many parts of the Continent affords but too frequently the occasion for the sad development of the evil principle. How refreshing, then, to meet with those who, though in the world, are not of the world, and who love to consecrate gold and silver, and time and talent to the cause of their heavenly Master. Would that we could more constantly remember what it is

that alone is truly noble and dignified in man ! It is not outward state or form ; it is not pomp and pageantry, with an obsequious multitude crying out " Bow the knee ;" but it is the man who lives not to himself, but to Him who died, and who has risen again. Were an archangel to seek for some object on earth, on which even *he* might love to linger in contemplation, how swiftly would he wing his way over the glittering greatness, and the dazzling splendour of mere worldly fame and honour, and gladly fold his pinions at that door, which in a weary land has " the shadow of a great rock," where amid the undying principles of eternal truth, and the ceaseless activity of a heaven-taught benevolence, he could descry in one of whom the world is not worthy, and who is little thought of or esteemed by man, the special work of his great King in a life of spiritual zeal, energy, and love.

We found — so immersed in his work of faith and labour of love, that we postponed our visit to him until Saturday. He very kindly asked us to dine with him, but as it was not impossible, if the weather cleared up, that we might decide upon going to Chamouny on Saturday morning, we declined his invitation, and promised, in the event of our remaining, to spend a quiet hour or two with him on Saturday evening. I wandered about the town in the evening, and was much interested in its general appearance. It has a decidedly French aspect, and yet considerably sobered down, very much as if you saw a gay brocaded silk waistcoat peeping from under the square cut collar of a quaker's smooth and well-fitting coat.

French is universally spoken here, and as I have been hitherto more in the way of hearing German, of which I know little or nothing, but whose deep gutturals very frequently remind me of the strong voices of our own peasantry,—I have never felt so much impressed by the difference of language as I have been at Geneva. Accustomed as we are at home to regard the French language as a polite accomplishment, the acquirement of which is generally confined to the educated classes, it was difficult to walk the streets and not believe, as one heard carters and scavengers, butcher-boys, and all sorts of tatterdemalions talking French on every side, that we were looking at a masquerade on a grand scale, and that every one we met was only sustaining a temporary character. Then as this illusion was forced out of the mind, it was difficult to prevent one's self from falling into the other notion—that since these people were veritably what they appeared to be, they must all be very clever, wise, and intelligent, from being able to speak this language so associated in one's mind with education and thought. Oh, what a day will that be, when language shall be no barrier between mind and mind, when the speech of the heavenly Canaan shall succeed the confusion of the earthly Babel, and each lip give utterance to the well-known sounds alone, of heavenly love, and truth, and holiness !

As I sat at the window of my room in the hotel at night, on looking across the narrow street, I saw the sons and the daughters of toil at their various labours. In one little confined room sat a shoemaker, earnestly and busily

engaged at his trade. In another, not very much larger, were packed some four or five women plaiting straw, and making hats and bonnets. Beneath them, at the door of a restaurant of the lowest class, might be seen a group, sometimes more, sometimes less, of idle gossiping fellows, who prefer making a chance franc one day, and going without a dinner the next, to the regular gain of plodding industry. I could not help adding myself to the *moral* picture, and it was on the whole significant enough. Here on one side I found the solitary one, and on the other, a little band rising up early and sitting late, (for on retiring to rest, I left them always at their toil, and however early I might be in the morning, they were before me,) and “eating the bread of carefulness;” beneath them was vice and idleness and self-indulgence, utterly reckless of everything but the enjoyment of the moment, and yet apparently living better than the wearied ones above; and then lastly, there was myself, in the midst of real comfort, having an abundance of all outward and temporal blessings, and yet neither toiling like my poor friends on the other side, or idle and dissipated like those below. Whose work is this? Who has thrown together the characters in this scene? Whose pencil has grouped upon this little piece of canvass such amazing contrasts of light and shade—such points of unequal distance—such changeful hues—such terrible and yet harmonious depth of colouring? This is Satan’s work! His hand it was which sowed the dragon’s tooth, that has yielded such a plentiful harvest of strange and otherwise unaccountable diversity in God’s own world.

But assuredly "his time is short;" for yet a little while and he shall be cast out, and the great King will vindicate his claim to undivided sovereignty. The true and rightful Prince, while he puts down his enemies under his feet, will bring order out of this confusion, and though he will not take away the beauty of variety from his kingdom, yet will he so fill every heart with himself, so adorn every one with his own glory, give to each such a full cup of happiness, remove from each every burden which presses heavily, and take away every yoke which galls; that amid the hosts around his throne, not one shall be found groaning under any bondage of mind or body, all at *rest*, and yet *active*,—all singing and making melody with a free and happy heart, and a well-tuned voice in the new anthems of Heaven.

19th June.—The weather has cleared up a little, but not sufficiently to tempt us on to Chamouny to-day, and I am very glad that it is so, for I have been very anxious to spend the coming Sabbath in Geneva. Amid the dry and thirsty land of continental travelling, the heart pants for the streams which make glad the city of God,—“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts,” &c. We spent a most delightful and profitable evening with —, and gleaned from him a great deal of useful information regarding the state of religion generally in Switzerland, and France, and Italy, and especially regarding the Vaudois Church. I may as well say here, that my plan in making these few memoranda, is not to insert among the daily occurrences of travelling and the thoughts and feelings thence arising, the information which I have already gained, or which I may yet be able to gain of the state of

religion generally, or of the condition of certain churches in particular. This I am anxious to keep separate from a mere journal, and thus I hope to be able to give more sequence and continuity to the valuable facts I may obtain, and to express my own views on these facts more fully and yet more maturely.* This portion of my gleanings I shall not send on like the rest to my beloved friends at home, but shall reserve it for the time, when, if it please our gracious Father, I may be permitted to behold them again once more face to face. If I am ever allowed to see that day, its interest and profit will, I think, be in some measure enhanced by *our together* dwelling on those topics of surpassing interest which rivet the eye, the ear, and the heart of every believer who is looking at the progress of God's work on the Continent.

21st June.—Yesterday, *Sabbath*, was a brilliant day. There was a bright and cloudless blue sky above, and a still bluer Rhone rushing past at our feet. We attended service at the English Chapel ; unfortunately, a stranger preached, and gave us more about Queen Victoria's coronation than the blessed gospel of the grace of God. I was waylaid and nearly devoured by several persons at the door, who formerly belonged to St. Thomas's ! How precious to the pastor is that bond, not easily broken, which knits him to the flock ; and how much cause have I to bless God for the exceeding great measure of this sweetest of all joys in the kingdom of grace which he has vouchsafed to me. At four o'clock we went to the little Italian congre-

* The reference here is to the chapters which conclude the first edition of this work, but which are at the beginning of the present.

gation, to which Dr. De Sanctis ministers. He seems a very devoted man. I was able to follow in some measure his fervent and heart-stirring discourse. He was melted into tears, as indeed we were all, when at the close of the service he announced the fact of the two Madiai at Florence having been condemned, the husband to several months more captivity than the wife, for daring to read the Bible, to pray, and to believe, without the help of the *Pope*! He read a letter which the faithful wife addressed to her partner. It breathed the true martyr spirit—no courting persecution, but a calm and gentle resolution which told of peace within, and the sufficient grace of an ever-present Saviour. As I listened I never felt before so much of the terrible reality of that picture in the Revelation, drawn from the life, of the apostasy which “wears out the saints of the Most High.” At seven o’clock we went to the Oratoire, and had the privilege of hearing Professor La Harpe. We had a powerful stirring sermon. I had just been reading in my room Ryle’s admirable tract on the “Assurance of Faith,” (all his tracts are now translated into French,) and M. La Harpe’s sermon was on the faith of the Centurion, and he seemed very much to speak to the thoughts in my mind which the perusal of Ryle’s tract had called forth. “This also is from the Lord.” I thank him for a quiet, peaceful, happy, and, I trust, a profitable Sabbath-day. Oh, how little do the gay, giddy Sabbath-breaking population of Geneva know of the *delight* of *not* seeking their own pleasure “on God’s holy day!”

21st June.—We left Geneva this morning at ten o’clock.

We found that it would be impracticable for us to accomplish our journey along the Savoy shore of the lake, within the time we had to spare, so we took the steamer to Villeneuve. I have a very great dislike to steam-boats when my object is to see and admire a fine country. The perpetual bustle on board—the empty rapidity of some—the absorbing love of creature comforts in others, break in most sadly on every attempt to commune with nature. However, the day was brilliant, and as far as could be, we enjoyed our sail. After all, what a curious history might be woven out of the living freight of one steam-boat. Even within my knowledge, we had with us the mourner, fresh from her bitter sorrow; then there was the care-worn husband, obliged by imperious necessity, at the call of urgent family business, to hurry to England, leaving a dying wife at Lucca;—there was the young nobleman, thinking more of the formal entering into possession of his property, and taking his seat in the House of Lords, than of the scenery around him;—then there was the poor pastor, struggling between the hopes and fears of the future, with his heart far away, not dividing itself, however, into little bits, so as only to give a portion here and there, but somewhat ubiquitous in its character, so as to be in many places at once, and yet beating with gentle joy, as the soft breath from hill, and lake, and valley seemed to whisper sweet and pleasant things in his ear;—and then, far away, in the stern of the boat, with brow overcast, and surrounded by books of more than ordinary size, small in form, but with eye both bright and piercing, sat one who has made Europe already tremble,

and may yet make Europe tremble again, one who has aided to overthrow dynasties, and yet is now an outcast and a stranger himself,—Thiers, the clever, the accomplished, perhaps the unprincipled Thiers,—there he was, seeking rest for a while at Vevay, where, however, he was doomed not to find it, for thither has despotism tracked him, and again he has been obliged to move on, and under the sun of Italy, he must now revolve on the past, and prepare for the future.* If this is a mere peep into one sample of a boat-load, what a wondrous and chequered tale might be woven from the history of the whole.

As we sailed from the more lowland end of the lake, we began to approach the grander scenery of the eastern shore. Welcome, again and again, the glorious hills! The very sight of them, as they recline in their perpetual rest, looking down upon the generations of men passing away at their base, elevates and solemnizes the mind. We passed Lausanne, Vevay, and last, though not least, Chillon, about which I shall say nothing here, as so much has been said elsewhere. We landed at Villeneuve, and immediately proceeded on our way to Martigny, by the great Simplon road, which ascends the valley of the Rhone as far as Brieg. The first part of the drive was beautiful, though not very striking, walnut trees abounding of considerable size, and every now and then giving their grateful shade across the dry and dusty path. At the bridge of St. Maurice, where our passports were examined, we changed our

* Since the above was written, M. Thiers has been permitted to return to France.

carriage. The gorge of the Rhone here is very fine, and the view both up and down the valley very beautiful. After leaving St. Maurice, we passed across several miles of country, which has been literally made a desert, by a vast flood of mud from one of the ravines on the left bank of the river ; a large portion of the soil of one of the hills had gradually slipped down, and becoming mixed with melting snow and rain, came slowly but resistlessly on, overthrowing trees and rocks, and sweeping away a whole village, and then leaving its track well defined, by the utter desolation which it spread. It was unfortunately dark before we came to that part of the road from whence can be seen the fall of Sallenche, one of the most beautiful in Switzerland. Still even amid the gloom, (for it is true, that with all the wondrous beauties of this land, it lacks our sweet twilight, than which nothing can be more delightful,) amid the gloom which rapidly followed the setting of the sun, we saw enough to satisfy us, that the beauty and the grandeur of the fall had not been overstated. At the same time, I am not quite sure that I would have given my night view for a day one. There was something truly grand in it, which daylight could not have given. The mighty hills around wore their mysterious apparel of gloom and shade, taking every form which imagination chose to give them, while before us the gushing torrent seemed like some gigantic spirit of the mountains shaking her ghostly drapery in the night wind, and then the plunging and hissing noise which met us from time to time, as we approached, now near, and then seeming to die away, played equally with the

fancy, and one could imagine that we were looking only on the vanguard of some mighty host of strange and unearthly beings, rushing down with headlong speed into the valley.

At length we reached Martigny, wearied and sore shaken with the hard jolting car which conveyed us from St. Maurice. We were considerably disconcerted at not finding our Chamouny guide, whom we had desired to meet us here. We wished to have one of the best of these admirable guides, one acquainted not only with Mont Blanc, the St. Bernard, and all the neighbouring passes, but also one who knew Monte Rosa and his compeers, and who could in the Italian valleys help us by his knowledge of Italian. However, we have made up our mind to start for the hills to-morrow, and trust to find a guide at Cormayeur who may be suitable. Martigny is situated at that part of the valley of the Rhone where the stream makes a rapid turn, changing its course in obedience to the lofty hills, about a fourth part of the compass. It lies very beautifully, the pass to Chamouny by the Col de Balme running up in one direction, the pass to the great St. Bernard in another, while the views up towards Sion, and down to St. Maurice, are both varied and beautiful. It is, however, a most unhealthy place. The appearance of the inhabitants too clearly proves this. Malaria hardly ever leaves it, and at some seasons fatally prevails. The cause seems obvious. It is shut in, on almost every side, by the hills rising rapidly and steeply, though most grandly above it, and from its peculiar situation, it hardly ever enjoys a breath of the air which, in the more open directions of the valley, either up

or down the river, is partially to be found. There is little or no circulation of air, and hence not only feeble looks, but misshapen limbs, diseased bodies, and weak minds. How little is needed to turn an earthly paradise into a desert—witness Adam and his apple. How cursed may even Eden become, where only one thing is lacking ! And more than this, what are all those things which to the eye of sense appear so beautiful and lovely and attractive in man, but a valley of disease and death, unless the Spirit of God breathe upon it, and chase the curse away by the presence, the power, and the love of Him in whom alone is life, and whose favour is even better than life !

22d June.—We left Martigny this morning at half-past seven o'clock. This being our first excursion among the hills, we started in a state of great excitement. The morning was very fine, and the expectation of finding a purer air on the mountains than we could get at Martigny, made us leave the latter place without regret. Our baggage was packed upon a mule, and Macdonald took another for himself, as he did not feel able to undertake the whole distance walking. The road up the valley of the Drance ascends very gradually for many miles, and combines some of the most beautiful features of Swiss scenery. I enjoyed the walk exceedingly. It put me in mind of some of my happy rambles long ago among my own dear Scottish hills ; and with my good stick in my hand, I felt somewhat of that freedom and independence which are never experienced so thoroughly as on the wild mountain side, by the dashing torrent, and amid the soli-

tary grandeur of the perpetual hills. Before we reached Orsières, one of my companions shewed symptoms of fatigue, and so Macdonald took a turn on foot. It is singular that, with my real weakness of health, I did not experience fatigue, and felt my powers of endurance quite equal to the exertion. Perhaps it was with me, somewhat as with the old fashioned trio, of whom it is said, "the sexton told the beadle, and the beadle toll'd the bell;" perhaps my limbs carried my body, and my mind carried my limbs! The glimpses which we had from time to time of the snowy peaks were specially interesting to us to-day, inasmuch as we were mounting up at every step to try the temperature of these wondrous regions. We halted for about an hour and a half at Liddes, and then pushed on again. Very foolishly we dined there instead of merely taking some slight refreshment, and the consequence was that we suffered from thirst very much for some time afterwards. Passing through St. Pierre, we stopped at a miserable auberge to see whether we could get anything which we *dared* to drink. This was not to be found, however, for I preferred enduring thirst rather than taking the vinegar which they offered us under the name of wine.

Singularly enough, as we were sitting a few minutes in the poor and dirty parlour of the inn, I made a discovery which banished for a time the thought of thirst, and made me truly glad that we had visited such a wretched hovel. There was an engraving hung up on the wall, of Napoleon on horseback, in commemoration of his famous passage of the Alps, and underneath was written—"In this room

Napoleon and his superior officers breakfasted on the morning of — May 1800, when he achieved the wonderful enterprise of crossing the Alps with his army." Here was classic ground indeed ! How singular it is to mark the vividness and rapidity with which a long chain of thoughts rushes upon the mind, suggested by some very minute cause. It would take many sheets of paper if I endeavoured to put down the reflections which a glance at that picture called forth ; suffice it to say, however, it read me two lessons of much importance ; the one was as regards the Christian's sluggishness, the other, as regards man's folly. Here was one whose activity, energy, and zeal, did indeed put the believer to shame. See what a man can do, and will do to attain his end, and achieve his purpose. See what fatigue, and labour, and anxiety he will cheerfully undergo ; mark how adroitly he stirs up hundreds and thousands of willing hearts to co-operate with him ; how he overcomes all obstacles, and laughs at every difficulty ; see how before his skill and energy the mountain becomes as it were a plain, and so truly "the children of this world are, IN THEIR GENERATION, wiser than the children of light." But yet, on the other hand, where now is the mighty conqueror who subdued kingdoms, and in his career of victory traversed these mighty solitudes ? He has passed away for ever, but ere he did, the bubble which he so ardently followed burst at his feet, and left him to linger and die on a sea-girt rock, hopeless, helpless, and miserable. "The world and the fashion thereof passeth away." Napoleon was no fool in the efforts he made to succeed in his designs ; but

his was the extreme folly of the natural heart seeking to be "as God," and to live "without God."

After leaving St. Pierre, we began the really steep part of the ascent to St. Bernard. At every step we were manifestly gaining height, and that rapidly. The rich vegetation of the lower part of the valley had entirely disappeared. The rose of the Alps began to shew itself in profusion behind each grey stone, and hanging over rugged precipices, and the lovely gentian also—both large and small—with its deep ultra-marine blue, that made one wish it could ever look so beautiful or lovely in our own gardens at home. I was enchanted with everything. I have had many a day's travel in the Highlands, where there was more scrambling and far more difficult work to do, and where perhaps the rocks looked as grand; but now there was the *snow*, and on this the longest day in the year, I was on a level with many large patches of it. Then, too, there was that wondrous *green* which is only to be seen on the Alps of Switzerland, so clear and bright, with here and there the pure white snow touching it, and then melting, as if conscious that its dazzling whiteness was not so fit to look on as its lowly, lovely neighbour. On, on I went, my enthusiasm getting the better of my courtesy and sociableness, for I left friends and guide, and mule behind, and climbed away alone in the deep enjoyment of my own thoughts, and (alas! poor human nature) in the delight of finding *my own* way over rocks and across mountain torrents, pausing now and then to look and think, and then on again. Then at last came the snow in right good

earnest. Over it, the few footsteps of other travellers before me were seen ; and over it I went too, slipping and stumbling a good deal at first, sometimes over the knee at a plunge, sometimes all my length upon my hands and face, making good use of my Alpenstock, my feet now cold enough, and tingling with intense pain, the sharp cold air making my lungs play with a freedom which astonished them after their slow stupid existence down in the plains ; when presently, on turning a shoulder of the hill, I descried the Hospice on the summit, within half an hour's walk. I turned and shouted to my companions who were far down below me, and soon scrambled to the hospitable door. The sun had just gone down, and there to be sure in midsummer I found myself asking for a night's lodging, at a dwelling, on every side of which there was nothing but snow, and close by a small frozen lake ; I really felt as if I had walked out of one world and stood upon the threshold of another.

23d June.—Nothing could exceed the attention and kindness of the St. Bernard monks to us, last night. I never thought I should be so much obliged to monks. But, in truth, they are not monks, properly so called. They are intelligent men, who enter freely into conversation with the large number of travellers who are constantly passing and repassing the Hospice—they like to hear and to talk of all that is going on in the world, as if they had a real *social* interest in its concerns, and their life is one of real activity and *useful* devotedness. Not an unmeaning round of vespers, matins, and complines, but of constant watchfulness over the lives of poor travellers, and kind at-

tention to their necessities in the inhospitable region over which they have to pass. Were *all* monkery like *this*, I should have no objection to it, with the exception of the blind and superstitious Popery with which it has ever been allied. The hardships which these men encounter, not for some fanatical and nonsensical purpose, but for the preservation of the lives of their fellow-creatures, tend to shorten their own. The average duration of life among them is very low, and their ranks have to be continually filled up by young men from the plains. Though it was on the longest day in the year that we arrived at the Hospice, it was bitterly cold. The monks very kindly considered our misery, and lighted a fire in the saloon. We heaped on the logs, and *tried* to get warmth, but it was impossible ; we sat shivering, and though I have, no doubt, experienced a greater degree of cold often in my own country, yet I think I never *felt* the cold so intensely as when we retired to our bed-room. Nevertheless, I exceedingly enjoyed it. Next morning broke perfectly clear and cloudless. Oh, it was wondrous strange, and yet unspeakably grand, to look out of our window in the early dawn, and see the pure white snow, stretching away from beneath, to the lofty pinnacles on every side,—in one place laid evenly and smoothly over a vast expanse of ground, in others looking broken up, and scattered by the huge blocks of sharp, pointed, and perpendicular rocks, which shot up here and there their dark grey summits,—and then spread out over all was the calm, sweet, blue sky, that I think never to my eye seemed so lovely as it did that morning,—whether as being *toned* by my own

fancy, or by the contrast it formed with the bright snow around me. Then came the sun pouring down his golden light over the scene, bringing out crag after crag in bold relief—casting every kind of fantastic shadow on nature's bright clear page, all ready at hand to receive it, and cheering and gladdening even that desolate region—making the Alpine peaks look a little less stern, and giving an air of majestic and peaceful repose to the rugged grandeur of the pass.

After breakfast, the monks very kindly offered to shew us through the Hospice. First we walked through the chapel, which seems very elaborately adorned. Then they shewed us the remarkable collection of coins which have been found in the neighbourhood ; these are very curious, belonging, many of them, to a very early portion of the Roman history. We then went to the Morgue, where we saw some bodies laid on the ground, others upright against the wall, of poor travellers who perished on the Alps. The features of most of them are still very distinct, though I must say, it is a most marvellously disgusting fancy which can lead people to try to preserve dead bodies, as a kind of show for the living. Give me old Abraham's faith in the *living* God, and then I can fully enter into his wish, to "bury his dead out of his sight." From the dead bodies we were taken to see the living dogs—a far more suitable spectacle. These are splendid animals, though there is some fear of the breed becoming extinct. They had a lion-like grandeur of mien, with just such an expression as became them—serious, gentle, and firm. After seeing them, I can quite fancy all the stories

told of their sagacity, patience, and strength. We were delighted to find, before we left the Hospice, that our guide from Chamouny had arrived, having followed us from Martigny. He is an admirable fellow, a thorough mountaineer, very intelligent, and with the proud stamp of thorough-going integrity on his fine manly face. This is only one of the numberless mercies with which our gracious Father has been pleased to follow the steps of his unworthy servants.

We left the Hospice this morning with regret. The freshness of wonder had not had time to pass away, and very little would have induced us to remain another night. We descended rapidly down the Italian side of the pass, and soon reached St. Remy, the Sardinian frontier, where we got a vehicle which was neither carriage nor car nor cart, but a wonderful combination of all three, and in which, nevertheless, a Peer of Great Britain, a wealthy commoner, and an invalid minister, were very comfortably conveyed down, by a powerful black mule, to Aosta. Even if we had kept our eyes shut all the way, the inn would have infallibly told us we were in Italy. I mean specially in two ways,—by the beautiful frescoes in even very common rooms, and by the *uncleanliness*, which was anything but beautiful. After dining at Aosta, we hired a voiture, and proceeded up the valley of Aosta to Cormayeur. The drive was very beautiful. There is in it what I have not seen on the Swiss side of the Alps, and yet on the other hand it *lacks* one lovely feature of the Swiss valleys. The deepest part of the valley is, on the whole, more varied and beautiful, from the abundance of walnut and chestnut trees, which here grow to a great size, and

are in most wonderful luxuriance. Indeed, at some parts of the road, one seems to be passing through some finely wooded park, and the rich cultivation extending along the bank of the torrent, as it rushes along, bearing on its milky waters the assured history of its glacier source, makes the scene perfect as you *look down*. But when you *look up*, though the hills are rugged, and grand, assuming every variety of form, they have not the lovely verdure of the Swiss hills: the rock has a yellow scorched look which does not coax the eye to linger on it. It inevitably calls up the remembrance of *cinders*. Long before we reached Pré St. Didier, the evening began to close in with clouds, and soon the rain came down in torrents, so that I can yet say nothing of the head of the valley, but that we were very glad to get to the shelter of this poor miserable inn, where, however, the people are very obliging after their own peculiar fashion.

24th June.—Contrary to our expectations, the morning dawned most auspiciously. Thus we have again to note the goodness of God in these arrangements of his providence, which, though in one view, they may be considered as small, yet in another, ought to call forth sentiments of the deepest gratitude, seeing they are not too insignificant to engage his attention on behalf of his people. We started early in the morning from our auberge, to ascend the Col de la Seigne, which is one of the ridges of the great Alpine chain, passable on foot, leading hence into Savoy. Our purpose was not, however, to cross the chain into Savoy, but merely to gain the summit of the ridge, and then return to our inn at Cormayeur, previous to our descending

into the plains of Italy by the Val Aosta. When we left the inn, though the morning was beautiful and the day promised to be all that we could desire, yet the clouds were down on the hills at the head of the valley, so that when we started we could only guess at the appearance or size of the mighty masses which stood before us in our path. We knew that Mont Blanc was there, and his gigantic neighbours, but, in the meantime, imagination was left to do its own work, and we could only fancy what would meet the eye, if that pure white veil let down from heaven should be withdrawn. The gorge of the valley leading to the Col de la Seigne is exceedingly wild and beautiful. The range of Mont Blanc stands at the head of the valley of Aosta, or rather the Val d'Entrèves, where Cormayeur is situated. The two branches of the river Doire rush down from valleys on the right and left as you look towards Mont Blanc, and are united a little distance above the village. That on the right is the Val Ferret, leading to Martigny; that on the left leads by the Col de la Seigne and the Col de Bon-homme to Chamouny. It was by the latter we took our route. On turning the shoulder of the hill to our left, the valley before us began to open, and the wonders of the scene gradually disclosed themselves. "There is the Brenva glacier," said our guide; it was the first I had seen, and I was sorely disappointed. It seemed to me to be nothing else than a long ridge of debris made up of gravel and huge boulders of stone. There, however, was the glacier, with its hollow arch beneath, and the wild mountain torrent rushing forth

from its depths, shewing plainly the storehouse from whence its waters spring. I had pictured to my mind a very different scene. We passed on, however, and after traversing two or three miles of the valley, without much ascent, we came to another glacier, the Miage, and walked along the edge of it for about a mile and a half. I could hardly believe that we were on a glacier at all, and it was only on our return in the afternoon, and when we found foaming torrents across our path where in the morning there scarcely trickled a drop of water, occasioned by the heat of the mid-day sun, that we could at all realize the fact, that around and beneath us there lay such exhaustless treasures of ice. After passing the Miage, we came to a highland lake, a most wild and desolate and bleak spot. For a few minutes the weather seemed threatening. A strong wind blew down the valley, and a few drops of rain made us rather fear for the rest of our journey. We wandered on our way, however, skirting the margin of the lake, when suddenly the guide touched my arm, and pointed a little back to the right, and then truly I caught a glimpse of unspeakable grandeur. Far up, apparently in the sky, the clouds had broken a little, and the wondrous summit of the Col de Sucre, one of the satellites of Mont Blanc, was revealed, with the bright morning sun shewing its singularly clear and unbroken lines. Not a speck of snow was on it, for the rock runs up with such needle sharpness, that a snow-flake cannot rest upon it for a moment. Hardly had we satiated our minds by gazing on this most remarkable crag, set as it was there in the very midst of

the drifting clouds, which seemed to be like some mighty ocean foaming and dashing on the dark and threatening rock, than the weather cleared again before us, and then I *did* see a glacier which realized all that I had ever conceived before, and very much more, of these wonders of creation. It was the glacier of the Allée Blanche. I almost wept with emotion when I saw it. There it lay spread out in the vast ravines of these everlasting hills, so white and pure, with here and there the soft bright blue of the icy field revealed; in one place, smooth and even, without a break or an inequality on the surface; in another, with jagged pinnacles of ice and yawning crevasses;*—on one side, suddenly bounded by some high and beetling crag; on the other, disappearing from the view far away among the receding gorges of the hills, making one feel as if it must be the highway to some gorgeous palace of crystal purity, and tempting one to follow its course and explore its hidden glories.

With the eye and the heart refreshed by the view, we pressed on again, and now came the final steep ascent to the summit. Here began the special charm of Alpine walking. First, the path wound a little over the shoulder of a hill, then it lay over large masses of stone, then a rugged and steep natural stair-case tried the lungs and the limbs together, and then we plunged into the snow; sometimes it was sufficiently hard to bear us on its surface without sinking, and then in other places, down we went into it, nearly to the middle. Our feet tingled with

* Fissures extending in a transverse direction across the ice-field.

cold, and with the pure, cold, bracing air, giving us fresh vigour, we pressed on and on, till at length we gained the summit—my Highland experience telling me when we approached it, and my Highland heart rejoicing to find it marked, as in my own loved country, by a *cairn* of stones.

The whole of the deep and gloomy valley, down towards St. Maurice, opened before us on the other side of the Col. Still Mont Blanc and the mighty hills around him kept themselves concealed, and after in vain expecting a sight of him, we began to descend again into the valley. Here I very unexpectedly to myself performed my first Alpine feat, and that too very creditably. There was a long and very steep incline of snow before us, and as I was following the steps of the guide, just as we reached it, he trailed his Alpenstock a little behind him, and bringing his two feet parallel to each other on the surface of the snow, down he shot to the bottom without the least hesitation. Not doubting that since he could do it, I might also, I followed his example, and down I went also to the bottom with a rapidity which astonished me, but which was most delightful, and which cleared an immense part of the descent in an incredibly short space of time. As we descended, the clouds began to move more rapidly—patches of blue sky appeared here and there,—sometimes a black and gloomy peak looked out of the mist and then retired again—sometimes a faint outline of white far up in the heavens shewed itself, which it took a few moments' steady gaze to distinguish from the white clouds which were creeping round. At length gradually, but constantly, the whole mass of

vapour began to ascend, higher and higher it rose, base after base of mountain appeared, immense, towering, and inconceivably grand, till the whole range of Mont Blanc was exposed to view, overpowering us with its vastness and magnificence. We could see from his base to his summit, and thus the massiveness of this monarch of hills is perceived better from this side than from Chamouny. Here, too, he rises almost perpendicularly from the valley ; on the great rugged precipices of the side exposed to view not a particle of snow can rest, while at the top, as if it were the coronet he wore, the pure white snow glittered in the sun-beam, and contrasted brilliantly with the dark and sombre rock beneath. The whole of the needle point of the Col de Sucre was now also seen, while the Col de Géant, the Aiguille de Géant, the Aiguilles des Grandes Jorasses, and many others, appeared before our delighted eyes. It was a scene never to be forgotten. There reposed in majesty the grand king of the Alpine mountains, with all his gigantic courtiers ranged around his throne, and in the presence of that Court, and amid its silence, one felt more awed and solemnized than if before the mightiest potentate of this world. After all, we looked but upon the footstool of Him who "sits upon the circle of the earth," and "stretches out the heavens as a curtain." We returned home, keeping this glorious scene in view all the way, with minds full of the wonders we had witnessed, and I trust with hearts overflowing with gratitude to Him of whom, as we pointed to these perpetual hills, we could say, "My Father made them all."

CHAPTER VII.

AOSTA—IVREA—TURIN—PIGNEROL—THE VAUDOIS VALLEYS.

TURIN, 25th June.

WE left Cormayeur early this morning. The weather was brilliant. We noticed now what we were unable to do the evening we arrived, that Mont Blanc closes, with his mighty mass, the valley in which we were, so that for many miles as we travelled down, we had still the glory of the Alpine monarch in view. At Cormayeur itself, a very large extent of the snowy range is visible; then as you recede from the village, the lower hills of the valley gradually circumscribe the view. First on the right, and then on the left, a rock here and a rock there closes in around the pure white tops, which seem to gather brightness from the contrast of the dark hills beneath and the deep blue sky above. Then the hills on either side, as you descend, seem to meet across the valley, and Mont Blanc, exhibiting his snowy summit only, appears to rest upon the barriers which close the access to his domain; for a moment, a turn of the road conceals him from the view, another, and you behold him again; trees of luxurious growth now lend their mellow colouring in front—the rugged grandeur of the Alps is thrown into the background,

softened and subdued—the warmth of the plains spreads just so much haze over the scene as to blend and harmonize the tints, until at length the valley trending rapidly towards the east, the last spot of snow disappears. How strange it is, the hold which inanimate things sometimes have on our minds! I felt a pang as if parting with a friend, and would almost have been glad of any reasonable excuse for getting out and wandering back to the last point of view, so as to linger a little over the sad though sweet indulgence of the last farewell. We soon reached Aosta. After dinner, my two friends strolled out to see some of the antiquities of that ancient and very curious town. Not feeling very well, I remained quietly in the inn, and was glad to find on their return, that the road by which we were to leave Aosta, in the afternoon, passed through one of the most remarkable of the old Roman gateways which yet remain, and thus I had after all the gratification of beholding this interesting relic.

About three o'clock we entered the Diligence for Turin. The Val d'Aosta, as far as Ivrea, is perhaps, upon the whole, the most strikingly beautiful of anything I have yet seen. The rugged and the beautiful, the grand and the cultivated, are combined here in ever-varying profusion. The hills on either side, instead of presenting a monotonous slope, break off here and there into lovely and bright valleys, which tempt the eye to see and the foot to explore them. The Doire dashes away with countless tributaries pouring their streams into his rugged channel. Numberless waterfalls, some barely streaking the rock as with a

silver thread, others in full volume pitching over precipices, and boiling away out of sight again, delightfully disturb the stillness of the scene ; the magnificent walnut and chestnut trees, with their massive foliage, which made my friends long to have but one or two even to adorn their parks at home ; and then, frequently along the road, the beautiful vines trained into numerous archways, under which you drive for perhaps a quarter of a mile at a time ; —altogether it is a scene of luxuriant richness and lavish beauty that can never fade away from my memory. If the valley from Aosta up to Cormayeur, in some of its features, was less attractive to my mind than others I had seen in Switzerland, the valley down to Ivrea more than made up for the deficiency.

One feature, however, in it has left an impression of the deepest sadness on my mind. The valley itself smiled and sparkled in the evening sun. But the inhabitants of the valley ! alas, how can I describe them ? No lack of industry indeed. There they were most laboriously and indefatigably in their fields, evidently a quiet, steady, and hard-working race—truly earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, and yet almost universally so loathsome to the eye, that the sight of a living creature made one instinctively turn away. It is said, and from what I saw I am certain there is no exaggeration in the statement, that out of every hundred persons in the valley, fifty are afflicted with the goitre, and one with cretinism, while those who escape both these maladies, are yet so wretched, in their appearance generally, as to give the stranger, as he passes, the impres-

sion that they have barely escaped from these calamities. Whatever may be the proximate cause or causes of such terrible and wide-spread disease, and I think that *probably* the chief is, the utter stagnation of the air in the valley, perhaps for weeks at a time,—however this may be, it lays before us in terrible and deadly characters the master evil which has struck at the root of man's life, both spiritual and physical, and made him even in the wreck of his habitation, the greatest wreck of all. Truly, “the *whole* creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now,”—still, how wondrous fair are the scenes which the mighty Creator has yet left, to be, as it were, tokens and pledges of what He will yet do in the varied bounties of his creative skill in “the new heavens and the new earth,” for his favoured, holy, and happy creatures. But man, the dweller in this heritage? If we are to discover traces of a higher destiny and brighter hopes in him, we must look for them not in what meets the natural eye, not in his physical frame, but in the spiritual things which alone give promise of the life which is to come. To all outward appearance,—in youth, ripening into maturity only to decay and die, we but discover the presence of the curse; and, alas! in the wretched inhabitants of the Val d'Aosta, this terrible thing obtrudes itself upon our notice in all the stages of life, from infancy to old age, till the prophetic description of the mind's disease seems to be literally verified in the body,—“From the sole of the foot even to the head, there is no soundness in it.” No wonder that the valley, in its beauty, and its inhabitants in their misery, recalled vividly to mind the beautiful words

of Heber, though the contrast presented before him varied in its detail from that before me :—

“ What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon’s isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ? ”

Soon after leaving Ivrea, the morning began to dawn, and having left the mountains behind us, I felt that we were in the plains of Italy. How often had I thought of Italy and dreamed about it ! What visions have floated through my mind of its bright clear sky, its teeming plains, and its vine-clad slopes ! and now I was actually in Italy. As the light of the morning advanced, I strained my eyes on every side, to catch my earliest and first impressions. These were certainly very charming. The country through which you pass immediately on leaving the Val d’Aosta is exceedingly rich and fertile. To one accustomed to the stunted growths of a northern climate, vegetation seemed quite gigantic, and the many vines on every side, unmistakably told of genial heavens and a southern sun. Though only between three and four o’clock in the morning, the road was thronged with the busy peasantry all on their way to their different occupations. Their appearance, as compared with what we had recently seen, was very much changed for the better. I could imagine groups of men and women such as I saw, making really a pretty picture at a harvest home, or at the ingathering of the vintage, and every now and then a face glanced at me from under a bright red handkerchief, tied jauntily round the head, which

I could easily transfer to a new primitive bit of middle girl adventure, with a carriage turned over on one side into the ditch. The baggage travellers seated in solemn sack and fife, a couple of brigands preserving order with a tower of pistols, and built a dozen others quietly examining their watches, and all other movable property belonging to their uninvited but most welcome guests.

As we proceeded, however, and approached nearer to the immediate neighbourhood of Turin, the appearance of the inhabitants again became very much deteriorated. Shaven and poor and diseased like they appeared. The scenery too, without surprising me by its fatality, wounded by its painful monotony. Long, never ending rows of straight roads, with stunted poplar, and large patches of maize, etc. scattered each other with unbroken sameness. Everything and everybody looked lazy. The ground was dry, stiff, and uninteresting, the houses sadly wanting a little time to repair themselves, and a few miles to keep down together, the diligence began to crawl at a most dismal and lamenting pace, the people had a joggling, shuffling air about them, the very horses on the road seemed, every one of them, to run, or rather wobble like cows, so it is not to be wondered at, if I felt very glad, about nine o'clock, to find the diligence growing, creaking, and rattling on the highway of Turin. We soon found our way to our resting place, the Hotel de l'Europe, where the luxury of a bath and the refreshment of a good breakfast made me quite sensible of the humiliating fact, that no enthusiasm can withstand the assaults of weariness and hunger.

26th June.—After partially recovering from the fatigue of our journey, I began to feel as if I had turned a new page in my book of travels. I had come to Switzerland for its glorious hills, its glaciers, and its wondrous valleys. I had come to Italy for its sunny skies, and its classic ground. But when I asked myself why I was at Turin, I felt that none of these things would have brought me hither. There was something stronger than all these together. It was *the Church of the Vaudois*. This interest swallowed up all the rest, and it was with a feeling of delight I cannot describe, that I found myself at the commencement of personal inquiry among the descendants of a race of Christians who have furnished to the noble army of martyrs some of its most devoted soldiers, who have held up the light of the Gospel without wavering amid all the surrounding darkness of the great apostasy—who have made the dens, the caves, the thickets, and the hills of their lovely country as consecrated ground, by the purity of their worship, the steadfastness of their faith, and the consistency of their lives—who have exhibited in a marvellous manner, the rare combination of fidelity to their Heavenly King with unshrinking allegiance to their earthly prince—not serving the latter less, but serving God more; retaining a simplicity of manner almost patriarchal, with a creed altogether apostolic; and who at length, in the mysterious providence of God, have been fully tolerated by what was hitherto one of the most intolerant Governments in Europe, and are now in the capital of Sardinia itself permitted such a free and open exercise of their scriptural

worship, that they are building a large and handsome Church in one of the great thoroughfares of Turin. Can it then be matter of surprise, that I had wandered to a town which, perhaps, out of all others on the Continent, has the least to make it interesting in the history of the past, or in its actual features, with the exception of this one,—*this*, however, to me being more precious than all others ?

I sent off some letters of introduction without delay. In the course of the afternoon, Mr. —, one of the gentlemen so addressed, himself a Vaudois, and a member of the Sardinian “ House of Commons,” called on us, and after some friendly chat, offered to shew us the way to General B——’s house, on whom we wished to wait without delay. We did not find him at home, but our friend said we might be quite sure of meeting him at the new Church. This was just what we desired ; so off we set to the spot, which in our own land, we had thought of, and prayed over, as connected with a new era of the Church of Christ in Italy. There truly stood before us at length, in a prominent part of the Viale del Re, the new Vaudois temple, not in such a form or guise as to make it doubtful for what purpose it was being erected—not pared down to the appearance of an ordinary dwelling, because its future worshippers must be kept, and must consider themselves in a corner, but a veritable church-looking building—plain and modest, it is true, but still so much of mark about it, as not only to make it manifest what it is, but to be admired by the people as an ornament to their city.

On inquiry we found that the General was on one of the highest parts of the scaffolding. How, with his lameness, he ever got up or got down again, I cannot divine. However, we quickly mounted, and received a truly military greeting from him in the midst of mortar-tubs, bricks, ladders, and masons. The sides of the Church are rapidly rising to the height of the roof, and I could not resist the desire to lend one helping-hand to the actual material work, as I had with friends in my own land helped a little in others—so with the General's full sanction, I seized a brick and a trowel, and with true masonic skill flapped in the mortar, and had the gratification of feeling, that at least one morsel of the building was there by my own hands. We returned to the hotel, the General kindly inviting us to take tea with him in the evening.

Turin presents no very remarkable feature of beauty or interest to the eye. The streets are all at right angles with each other, and rather narrow, bearing a most puzzling resemblance to each other. A good number of handsome private dwellings may be seen, and there is an air of cleanliness, neatness, and comfort on the whole. The square in which our hotel stands is large and handsome, with the front of the Royal Palace forming a considerable portion of one side. It is the busy throbbing heart of Turin, streams of people from all parts of the town pouring in and pouring out of it all the day long. As we sat in the evening on the balcony, the sight of the moving crowds below was very amusing. Now and then a curious medley would occur, making the living scene still more lively. As we

sat quietly looking on, there came winding forth from one corner of the square a long and solemn procession of nuns, headed by a goodly number of priests. Scarcely had they reached a quarter of the way across, when from the opposite side there marched forth a body of troops, with such a clatter of drums, as was intended to sound very warlike. A little to the left, near one angle, was the perennial Punch and Judy, with the prolonged nasal twang, so famous in pantomimic history, while directly under our windows a merry and active clown had stuck up his apparatus of exhibition, and was passing through a variety of contortions, flights, jumps, and twistings, belonging more to an eel, or a bird, or a monkey, than a man. As regards the interest which the public took in these different shows, the latter certainly bore away the palm. The clown drew most eyes—then came Punch—then the soldiers—and last of all the nuns.

28th June.—Yesterday morning we went, at half-past ten o'clock, to the temporary place of worship, which the Vaudois are permitted, under the present Government of Sardinia, to use with the most perfect freedom. M. Bert conducted the service according to the very simple ritual of the Vaudois Church, and preached in French. The congregation was both large and seemed to be thoroughly serious and devout. The women sat by themselves on one side of the large room, and the men apart on the other. Their singing sounded in my ears peculiarly sweet and solemn, and perhaps from strong associations, excited in me a thrill of interest perfectly overpowering. It did ap-

pear wondrous strange to me, that I should actually be in a congregation belonging to a Church, whose history has not been exceeded by that of any other people on the face of the earth, for all that is truly grand and noble, and which for years I have cherished in my heart, rejoicing in it, revering it, and loving it as one of God's chosen "witnesses" against the mystic Babylon, the Man of Sin, the Son of Perdition. This witness has indeed prophesied, for centuries "clothed in sackcloth,"—nor, though there is at present a breathing time permitted—a little rest vouchsafed—a calm spread over the troubled waters, can we say that the "sackcloth" is removed. With all the toleration enjoyed by them for the time, the smallest change in the views or actings of the Government, might at once throw them back to their former position of restraint and cruel bondage. Perhaps this season of outward peace may be given to them, for the special purpose of preparing them for another struggle with their terrible adversary—a struggle it may be as fierce as any which have gone before.

As I looked over the congregation, it seemed to me as if there was impressed upon their countenances that peculiar characteristic of unflinching steadfastness which God by his grace produced, and kept alive among their forefathers for his own purposes of wisdom and love. I saw before me the sons and the daughters of that race, whose only fear was—unfaithfulness to their God; who ever took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and counted all things but loss for Christ; and whose blood flowed like water, from generation to generation, under the frightful cruelties

of the Church of Rome, and yet who never faltered in their course of godly obedience, or were wearied in their course of unparalleled suffering. I saw the descendants of this race, for the moment worshipping God in security in the very heart of Turin, but I seemed to read in the strongly marked countenances of one and of another, that calm, but not apathetic determination, which made their valleys in former days the very battle-field for God and truth, and which, I feel persuaded, will not be found wanting again, if unhappily the flood-gates of persecution should be opened once more. Oh, it was delightful to worship among them, and to feel at least the desire for the martyr's spirit, without the folly of aspiring to the martyr's crown.

It is pleasing to know that the Vaudois in Turin generally bear a very high character among their fellow-citizens. They are in private life exceedingly respected, and it is a singular proof of this, that a large number of some of the most respectable of the Roman Catholic families prefer having, if possible, a nurse from the valleys to attend their young people, because they have a confidence in their principles—their love of truth and integrity—which they cannot have in others. “When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.”

In the evening we returned to the same place. M. Meille, a young Vaudois pastor, of singular devotedness, conducted the service as in the morning, only in Italian instead of French. The congregation was quite different

from that which assembled in the morning. It was almost entirely composed of those who had been converted from Popery, or who were anxiously inquiring on the subject, while some few were drawn together, manifestly for the first time, and just as it were listening with "open ears" to what they had never heard before. At the close of the service, many gathered round the pastor at the door, to ask questions, to seek for an interview, to obtain books or tracts. It was indeed a solemn and interesting sight. Here was the Gospel faithfully, fully, and powerfully preached *in Italian* in the midst of Turin—Roman Catholics listening, and none daring to make them afraid. What hath God wrought ! But surely we should be blind indeed if we did not see in such an incident as this, as well as in countless others of the present day, how that God is putting into the hands of his faithful people in all lands, the instrument ready prepared, and not only anointed by his Spirit, but tempered by trial, for the great purpose of spreading his Gospel in Italy, and of calling out his hidden ones from amid the gloomy dens of the Papacy, before the lightning of his fury shall destroy her, and leave not a wreck behind, save the smoke of her torment ascending up, as the testimony of her wickedness and of her doom.

I wish to repeat in a single sentence here, what I have elsewhere stated, that I reserve for separate consideration the many subjects of interest which present themselves to the mind in the condition and prospects of the Vaudois Church, as well as of other churches on the Continent, merely introducing so much at present into this journal, as

appears naturally to weave itself into matters of more general and transient interest with which it has to do.

We found this morning that our little party was to be broken up. By some letters which one of my companions, Lord L——, had received, his immediate return to Paris on important business was necessary. We had still, however, the greater part of the day to spend together in Turin. So, early in the forenoon, we went to the Palace to see the collection of ancient armory, with which we were very much interested and very much wearied, a kind and amiable old guardian of the place being very desirous that we should note and admire everything to be seen, without exception. From the armory we went to the Sardinian "House of Commons." Understanding that a discussion was that day expected on the interesting subject of "mixed marriages," we had asked and obtained tickets of admission. These we presented at the door, and after being absurdly *mis*-directed by one official after another, going up long staircases, only to be sent down again, popping into rooms from which we were unceremoniously ejected, we at last found ourselves in the position which our tickets entitled us to hold ; but, alas ! it was such a den of a place, where we could see nothing that was going on in the arena below, nor hope to hear anything either, while at the same time our sense of smelling was so overcome amid the steaming heat of one of the hottest days of hot Turin, that we were fairly obliged to turn our backs on the Senate, and leave the Legislature to be dissolved either by the heat or by the close of its proceedings.

Having taken an early dinner, we started about four o'clock in the afternoon for the Vaudois valleys, Macdonald and I having perched ourselves on the top of a strange, antediluvian-looking conveyance, which was to carry us as far as Pignerol. Our companion who came to see us off, as he bid us goodbye, looked upon us with much compassion, as if he thought we were going back very much in the world. Away then we crawled along a road, both dusty, dreary, flat, and uninteresting. Rather a nice view however appeared of part of the neighbourhood of Turin, where on a gentle slope with dropping trees and little stretches of plantations, were to be seen some pleasant-looking villas belonging to the more opulent citizens. We could also fancy that the view from these villas, overlooking the Po, and taking in the town near at hand, with the Alps stretching away in the distance, must be not destitute of interest. At the extreme end of this slope, however, from the town, there was a country residence of the king—a wondrously ugly house in the midst of equally ugly grounds. The palace is like an overgrown manufactory, and the grounds looked so square and formal-like, the trees so stunted, and the dust so abundant, as to prevent anything like a feeling of envy at earthly grandeur in that direction. However, I must add, this was a view of several miles' distance on the Pignerol road, where everything in our immediate neighbourhood was dismal, hot, dusty, and disagreeable. Possibly if we had seen the palace nearer, we might have liked it better. As the sun went down, we enjoyed our lofty seat very much. After the oppressive heat of the day,

the passing through the air, with the fierce ray of the sun withdrawn, even at the dawdling rate at which we were going, was very refreshing. At length we reached Pignerol, a very neat-looking Roman Catholic town, in a pretty situation. It was about eight o'clock when we entered it. *Murray* had warned us as to what we might expect from the people. He describes them as "a large and rather uncivil population." He might have left out "rather" with perfect truth, for a more rude and disagreeable set I never witnessed anywhere. We drove into the large court-yard of the inn, and whilst our guide was doing his very best to get hold of some stray carriage, horse, and man, to take us on to La Tour, Macdonald and I wandered into the interior, in search of a cup of coffee. Had we paid a visit to the party of good, honest, shaggy bruins, which the Bernese love to keep at the public expense, close by one of the gates of Berne,—putting aside the possibility of a squeeze,—we could not well have been more rudely treated than by their bearish relations at Pignerol.

We soon left the happy family to the enjoyment of their own society. Our little rickety calèche was ready—we jumped in, and under a cloudless sky, with the moon looking down upon us, *coolly*, but not coldly, we started for La Tour, the head-quarters of the Vaudois, and the goal of our expectations. We were leaving the plains and approaching the mountains again, and the deep shadows of the latter seemed to invite us to their feet. Our hearts were light, and the very ruggedness of our reception at Pignerol only gave zest to the feelings of hope with which

we were entering into the valleys. The air was delicious. Our driver was a pleasant civil lad from La Tour, the fire-flies flashed and sparkled in the fields and all around us, and at length after a too short drive, we entered La Tour. When we drove up to the little auberge, oh the contrast to Pignerol ! Down came the neat hospitable-looking landlady, followed by a trim and handy-like maid, and gave us such a warm welcome as made our hearts glow again. *All* travellers are kindly welcomed there, but *English* ones especially. Though it was rather late when we arrived, the whole establishment was put in motion. We were handed up stairs with every expression of true honest-hearted politeness, taken along a verandah with vines clustering all around it, and commanding a lovely view of the valley, at the gorge of which La Tour stands, bathed as it was in the soft light of the moon—and finally, we were located in our rooms which opened out on the verandah. There our table was soon spread, and the plain and simple, though plentiful and clean fare of the valleys was set before us. And now as I write, I can hardly believe that we are *really* among the Vaudois. Before separating for the night, dear Macdonald and I read Milton's famous sonnet, and the exquisite hymn by Mrs. Hemans, of the Vaudois mountaineers. How little did I ever think that I should read them in the very spot where almost every rock is a monument of Christian heroism, and every valley teems with memorials of those who loved not their lives unto death, rather than betray their Master. As I took my last look up the valley before retiring to rest, and

my eye rested on the hills which close it in, each rock appeared as a battlement of Zion, and solemn voices in the night seemed blended in the mountain anthem,—

“For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.”

28th June.—A lovely morning. We strolled out to the Vaudois College, in the hope of finding Professor Malan, to whom we had letters of introduction. On calling at his house, however, we found that as it was vacation-time at the College, he had taken the opportunity of going down to Genoa, and labouring for the cause of truth in that most important station for two or three months. Disappointing as it was to us not to see him, it was impossible to do otherwise than lift up the heart in silent gratitude to God for the wondrous change wrought by his providence in these lands. Time was, when thousands of infuriated troops from the plains hemmed in the faithful mountaineers on every side, when craft and force went hand in hand to extirpate truth from the valleys, both root and branch, when the profession of a pure faith was considered rebellion, and its open confession was almost tantamount to martyrdom. But now, the little stricken Church has rest on every side. Peace and quietness are in all its borders. Its churches and its College are fully attended, and the doors thrown wide open before it, by which it may return the evil of its oppressors with good, by sending down into the plains of Italy not a serried host of armed men to slay, to persecute, and to destroy, but messengers of peace and heralds of salvation, to give liberty to the captive, opening of the eyes to

the blind, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, to bring light to them who sit in darkness, to give unsearchable riches to the poor, and make the weary and the heavy-hearted to sing for joy,—“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who publish salvation!”

After breakfast, we started for our day's excursion to Bobbi, the parish of the moderator, to whom we had letters, and with whom I had already been privileged to form acquaintance, during his recent visit to Edinburgh. Though the distance from La Tour is not great, perhaps about six miles, yet the day was so intensely hot that we could not attempt to walk. A car of the country was soon provided for us. It was *all* the good people had, but truly it was an exercise of lungs, and bones, and patience, to sit in it, and be jolted over the stony road, which wound up the valley to Bobbi. I felt as if every tooth in my head would be shaken out, and I can only point back to that fearful rattling with a feeling of exultation, as I am able to say, that with all the physical jumbling I underwent, my *calm* enjoyment of all we saw, and all we thought of, was *unshaken*. I confess, however, that I chose to walk back in the afternoon, rather than submit to a second dislocation of every joint in my body within the space of *one* day.

In spite of all this, however, the drive was a delightful one in every part of it. When we were labouring and tumbling over the stones, of course we were obliged to keep our sweet thoughts to ourselves. It would have been perilous to attempt to express them. But when we came to a

little ascent, and walked up, or better still, made our man halt, and looked around us, then our enjoyment broke through all bounds, and we were able to give the rein to its utterance. The whole of the Val Pelice* in which we were is exceedingly beautiful—wide enough to afford room for all the rich and varied aspects of cultivation beneath, and yet not so wide as to let you lose from one side, the full effect of the hills which bound it on the other. Like almost all roads also in similar valleys, the interest never flags from the constant variety of scene which is presented to you. At one time you are lost in a thicket of close underwood—out of this you suddenly turn under the shadow of some gigantic chestnuts, with their grateful shade and a carpet of brilliant green beneath—again, the road takes a sudden turn, and the whole of the valley towards its lower extremity lies spread out at your feet, the tops of the houses of La Tour nearest, and then in the distance the bright cheerful-looking Luzern. Again another turn, and you look up the valley, with its mountain barrier, the Col de la Croix, frowning down upon you, and appearing strangely near. Another turn, and in the narrow ravine round which the road is winding, your view is now limited to a little peaceful scene of pastoral life in the rich valley below. Hardly have you time to enjoy the repose of this, when the road swings quickly round the shoulder of the hill, and you are rattling through the lovely little village of Villar, with its trellised vines across the road, standing on the edge as

* The same valley is known indifferently by the names of La Tour, Luzern, and Pelice.

it were of a steep slope, and yet snugly nestled amid its grey rock, and "leaf of green," and opening before you a view up the valley which had hitherto remained concealed, and in which there lies sheltered and peaceful the little parish we were seeking.

We soon drove up to M. Revel's door. He himself quickly appeared on the threshold, and gave us a right hearty welcome to Bobbi. Conducted by him into his little quiet sunny parlour, we were introduced to Madame Revel, and were not very many minutes there, before we felt as if we had known each other for years, and we could hardly believe that we were not in some free, Protestant, and happy valley of our own land. The Moderator's hospitable board was quickly spread before us, and while partaking of its refreshment, we enjoyed a most interesting and profitable conversation with our hosts. We gained then, and in our subsequent interviews with M. Revel, much important information regarding his Church, with which we were greatly desirous to become acquainted, and which we felt might be at some future time turned to good account, in any endeavour at home to draw the sympathy of British Christians more towards it, and to help its faithful ones forward in the great work of spreading the Gospel to those who are yet in a darkness even worse and more appalling than that of heathenism. We afterwards sauntered out, M. Revel taking us first of all to see his church. How delightful it was to look at the little sanctuary, and to feel the precious hope, that on the day when God shall "write up the people," it shall be said of many "this man was

born there." Instead of the degrading superstition of the great antichrist, here was a spot where God was worshipped in spirit and in truth, and the pure Gospel of a crucified Saviour freely and fully proclaimed to the poor perishing sinner.

We then wandered on to the parish school. None of the children were there at the time, as it was their holiday season. We saw, however, all the arrangements made for their instruction, and their books, &c. The schoolmaster lives in the storey above the school-room, and under our friend's guidance we ascended to his simple dwelling. There we found him, with one or two members of his family, endeavouring to add to his little income by taking care of a very large, and very busy, and very apt set of scholars, of a widely different stamp from the little, noisy, and unruly band that he has generally to control below. He was in fact tending an immense gallery of silk-worms—supplying some with mulberry leaves to their great satisfaction, and arranging others for their important spinning operations. As we looked at the pretty little yellow cocoons, we could not help wishing that the results of his care below were always as plentiful, as rapid, and as manifest, as those up stairs.

After leaving the school, we scrambled up a little way at the back of the Church. We had one or two beautiful peeps of the valley both up and down, and after our hot and dusty drive, it was indeed delightful to walk under the shadow of wide-spreading trees, with the soft velvety turf under our feet. M. Revel pointed out to us a spot on

which we quickly stationed ourselves, where it is said that Henri Arnaud in the memorable period so indelibly associated with his name, after the "Glorious Re-entry," as it was called, by the Waldenses into their valleys, had in the midst of his brethren reiterated the solemn oath of fidelity which all had mutually sworn at Prali "never to disunite, even though their numbers should be reduced to three or four." As I looked at our excellent friend and guide, I could quite conceive his being one of the *three* or *four*, if he had ever been, or ever should be, put to the proof. It may well be conceived, that the hours sped rapidly away with such a companion, and amid scenes and reminiscences like these. We were at length obliged to bid adieu to our kind friends at Bobbi, not however, before M. Revel had made an engagement with us, to take a long walk to-morrow through the valley of Angrogna. He said he was to be down at La Tour this evening, and would be ready to start by five o'clock to-morrow morning. Here was a charming prospect for two people who had come, not chamois, but Vaudois hunting. To have the Moderator's hand, eye, and heart with us, was indeed delightful. We soon reached La Tour again, my friend Macdonald, with an amount of daring that surprised me, actually encountering a second breaking up of his body in the Vaudois car, and I more timidly pacing along the road at my leisure. How soon one could make oneself at home in these sweet valleys!

30th June.—Up by day-break, watching for a cup of coffee, and the Moderator. Both came together in good

time. The morning was all that could be desired—dewy and sparkling—with a bright clear sky, and here and there a little fleecy cloud, reminding us in the calm summer morn—equally with the whirling masses of the dark thunder-cloud, as it drifts wildly past on the wings of the tempest—of that great Jehovah who “maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh on the wings of the wind.” We were soon *en route* for Angrogna. The little mountain stream which flows through the latter valley crosses the road near La Tour, in its course to join the Pelice, so that we had not far to walk, before we found ourselves at the entrance of the valley we sought. And truly it is beautiful. Words can convey but a feeble idea of the enchanting loveliness of the scene as it opens before you. At the entrance of the valley, the rough hill road by which we went, rises quickly from the more level country below. We had then at the start, just what we ought to have,—a little toil. Our limbs and our lungs were quickly called into exercise, and we only halted from time to time for breath, and to look round with admiration at the beautiful valley we were leaving behind us. Presently the path became more level, and then as we rounded a turn of the road, the whole stretch of the valley upwards was revealed to us. The irregularities of the hills on either side gave endless variety to the scene, while the depth of the valley enhanced its grandeur and lent it a shadow, which nevertheless was relieved by masses of the greenest foliage, that here and there held some fantastically shaped rock in their soft embrace. Imagination could easily cheat one into

the idea that we looked upon the ruins of some ancient castle, with its broken towers lying scattered round the stronger and more enduring mass of its donjon-keep, while every turn of the road opened before us another and still another beauty in this wild yet lovely ravine.

But had the scenery been less grand and beautiful than it is, it could not have failed to charm us by its interest, as we listened to the conversation of our kind friend M. Revel, who, on the ground so covered with the memorials of the past, opened his store of historical knowledge, and dwelt with eager energy on the trials, the persecutions, the flights, the slaughters, and the triumphs of his forefathers. It was indeed no slight privilege to have with us, instead of a mere manual or guide-book of the place, accurate enough it may be in its way, and warm enough it may be in its expression,—a *living* guide, who knew all we wished to learn, and whose whole heart glowed with the recollections he recalled for our benefit. And not only so, for in his veins there flowed the blood, which had so often streaked the bright green of the valley at our feet with crimson, and which had beat and throbbed in the noble and the true hearts of the God-fearing men, who kept these stupendous defiles as the last refuge of their wives and their little ones, and as the sanctuary of Him whom they worshipped with a pure faith, and served in singleness of heart.

As we ascended the valley, M. Revel pointed to the head of it where appeared the rugged rocks of the Pra del Tor, renowned alike for the comparatively quiet retreat it gave at one time to many of the pastors of the Vaudois Church,

who there instructed and trained young men for the ministry, and taught young and old among the people out of the pure word of God,—and at another for the bloody and determined struggle with which the Vaudois met and beat back the troops of their powerful and numerous foes. What a thrill went to my heart, when our friend turned suddenly to us, just as our eyes were directed up the valley, and told us that on the memorable occasion when the Count de la Trinité with a mighty host, and with the vaunted expectation of assured success, made his tremendous assault on the beleaguered people of God, it was by the very route we were then traversing, that he moved up the largest detachment of his troops. “There,” said M. Revel, pointing to the left, “there across the shoulder of that hill, by which the valley of Pelice may be reached, the Count had sent a small detachment of soldiers, to distract the attention of the mountaineers, and make them expect the assault from that quarter, while to the right over the ridge of the hill from the direction of Pramol on the other side, he had ordered another detachment of his troops, still farther to distract and disconcert the poor stricken and encircled band; while here by *this* pass he was slowly but steadily advancing with the flower of his army, thinking he had only to strike the blow and exterminate the hated heretics.” Ah, the bloody oppressor little knew that He who guarded his beloved saints, was “on *every* side,” that the “angel of the Lord was encamped round about them”—and that the “feeble folk” who had “made their dwelling in the rock,” would rush on him as with the fury of one of their own torrents,

and before the sun went down, that the rocks and the valleys would resound not with the idle boasts of earthly conquest, but with the calm, grand, and tuneful hymn of praise to the Great King who by his "own right hand, and by his holy arm, had gotten for them the victory."

Thus amid the traditions of the past lending an interest to all that we saw around us, perfectly inconceivable except by those who have been privileged to experience it, we ascended to the upper extremity of the valley. There the hills on either side begin rapidly to approach each other, and a long ridge of bare and inaccessible rock runs down to the very edge of the stream, seeming to bar all farther progress. The path, however, winds round this natural defence, and then we found ourselves within the precincts of the Pra del Tor. Here, after dwelling with intense interest on the comparatively bleak and sterile district into which we had entered, but which had given a sweet refuge to God's chosen ones, and on whose hard rocks were engraven as "with a pen of iron, and the point of a diamond," deeds of Christian heroism, only surpassed by deeds of Christian endurance,—and after waiting a few minutes, while the Moderator went into one or two cottages, and spoke as a friend and pastor to a little group of people at the doors,—we began to ascend the heights to the right, in order to gain the wished-for view, not only of the Val Angrogna, but also of all the surrounding country. The ascent was a little toilsome, and as it was now between nine and ten o'clock, the sun began to let us feel a little what we were to expect at midday. Presently we gained

the level of the first height above us, and then winding round a hollow part of the range overlooking Angrogna, with its rich green pasturage stretching up on every side, and the little summer chalets of the industrious peasantry perched high up on little choice spots, where they can easily tend their flocks and herds,—we came at last to a spot which tempted us to rest, and to think of the very *unromantic* incident of breakfast. It does not often fall to one's lot, however, to have such a breakfast table as we had on that occasion. We chose a lovely green bank, decked with flowers of every hue, breathing their sweet fragrance around, while beneath, in all its varied beauty, lay Angrogna looking fresh and sparkling in the yet early day, and reposing gently in the lap of its frowning and gigantic guardians. Amid this feast for the eye, the material comforts of our table must not be forgotten. Our excellent Chamouny guide, Jean Tairraz, had taken the precaution of providing a pair of roast chickens, with an abundant supply of hard-boiled eggs and bread, while M. Revel had evidently led us to the spot we chose, not only because it was *well placed*, but also because of its close propinquity to one of the little chalets, which abound in the valley, and into which, without loss of time he went. Nor was he long before he reappeared with a kind-looking old man, laden with a supply of delicious new milk, and some curious-looking, but particularly good cream cheeses. We breakfasted as we had never done before, the appetite whetted by our long morning walk, while we looked down into one of the most renowned of the Vaudois valleys.

The lulling sound of the cattle bells was in our ears, and we had the chief office-bearer of the Church of "the Noble Lesson" all to ourselves ! Could any palace furnish such a meal as that ! Whether it was, because we were strangers, or because of the presence of the Moderator of his Church, I know not, but we could hardly induce the good old man of the chalet, to take the least remuneration for his plentiful supply to our table.

After we had enjoyed our rest on the green bank for some time, M. Revel led us to the ridge of the Col de Seiran, which separates Angrogna from Pramol ; and then, assuredly, the whole glory of the surrounding scenery burst upon us. On the extreme right, and looking over the Pra del Tor, we saw the hills of the Col de St. Julien, and the Col de la Croix, as they trended away north towards Mont Cenis. In the opposite direction, they were seen to run up to the lofty white cone of Monte Viso, and then they stretched away for miles and miles, by the Col de Tende, till they were lost in the hazy distance. Below we saw the lovely valley through which we had walked, as it opens into the larger valley of Pelice. La Tour was not visible, being hid by a jutting shoulder of a hill, but Luzern and St. Jean were there, and then the valley opened and widened, till it was lost in the mighty plain of Italy, which spread itself out like a map before us. The Superga marked distinctly where Turin stood, though we could not descry the city itself with the naked eye. Still here and there a flashing light shewed us where the Po wound past it. Following the sweep of the plain towards the south, we could discover

the hills above Genoa, more than a hundred miles distant, and fancy played with the eye, as we looked along the line of the horizon, where we knew the bright wave of the Mediterranean sparkled on the shore. On the left we gazed down towards Pramol, famous in Waldensian history. Behind Pramol, ridge upon ridge of mountains appeared, and hid from our sight Mont Blanc, but at the extreme end, as it receded in the distance, it led the eye to the bright and glorious masses of Monte Rosa, which seemed to stand out almost in solitary grandeur, having the garden of Italy,—the plains of Lombardy at their feet. With Monte Viso on the right and Monte Rosa on the left—the bright and smiling Italy stretching far and wide in front—with such a sky above, as Italy alone knows, not so wondrous in its intensity of colour, as for such transparent depths, that the eye feels lost in space,—and then with the grand hills and the rugged rocks of our mountain observatory, from which we looked out, as from the battlement of one of nature's fortresses—no wonder that the fire burned in the heart of our Vaudois friend, and that his blood rushed quicker through his veins as he almost proudly asked, whether it was possible for the dwellers in the plain ever to overcome the Vaudois while one was left alive, or take from them their love for their mountain home?

After feasting our eye on this prospect for a long time, we prepared to return, but by a different route from that by which we had ascended. We did not return by Pra del Tor, but kept along the face of the hill, on the Angrogna side, gradually zig-zagging our way downwards, until we

joined the road, along which we had passed in the morning, near the little church of Angrogna. After passing the pastor's house, on whom we had called in the morning, but without finding him at home, we were gratified by meeting M. Monastier on the road, and received from him a cordial and brotherly greeting, and welcome to the valleys. A walk of an hour and a half brought us to La Tour. M. Revel kindly remained with us, and partook of an early dinner with us in the afternoon, and then saw us safely mounted on the top of the Diligence which was to carry us back to Turin. Before we left La Tour, a young pastor of the Vaudois Church joined us,—M. G. —, a truly devoted and zealous minister, who had tasted a little of the bitter enmity of the Church of Rome against the truth, having been sent out of Tuscany by the arch-bigot who rules there, in the safe keeping of some gens d'armes, and chained to a common felon ! What an honour to ride along-side of such a man ! And so we bade adieu to the valleys,—for a season only, as we hope ; for surely nothing is so pleasing in the prospect of the future, as the possibility of returning thither, not for a few days, but for some weeks, and becoming domesticated in these lovely glens of the Alps.

Before I left home, my dear friend, Dr. Gilly, in kindly furnishing me with one or two letters, entreated me not to think when I went to the valleys, that I should find the people “angels.” Truly I did not expect this, nor when I reached the country did I discover anything of the *angelic* nature blended with the human among them.

But this I think I did find,—great simplicity as well as strength and steadfastness of character—a Christian homeliness, which drew my heart, and inspired me with confidence,—and no insignificant tokens of a rapidly growing vitality among them in spiritual things. They fully impressed me with this conviction—Here is the material ready to hand, of the Lord's preparing, and which lacks not the indications of his Spirit energizing it, by which, in this day of Italy's utmost need, the Gospel which, in olden times had been driven back to the dens and the rocks, as its hiding-place and stronghold, might now put forth its native strength, and carrying the vigorous and healthy faith of the mountaineer into the plain, stand between the crush and doom of Antichrist, and the yawning gulf of infidelity, and gather out the Lord's people, ere he "arise out of his place, to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity."

We reached our old quarters at Turin, late in the evening, very tired and tormented with the rattling of drums and blowing of trumpets, which never seem to cease here, whether to comfort the people after their disasters in war, or to give due note of warning for a future contest, I cannot tell. In the meantime, whatever be the cause, there is no end of warlike sound.

CHAPTER VIII.

VERCELLI—NOVARA—MILAN—COMO—MENAGGIO—PORLEZZA—LUGANO—
LUINO—LAGO MAGGIORE—BAVENO.

MILAN, 2d July.

WE could do nothing yesterday morning at Turin, the heat in the earlier part of the day being perfectly suffocating, followed by a thunder-storm such as I had not yet witnessed. The rain came down in such dense masses, that we could not see the houses immediately opposite to us, and while we were quietly seated at the table in the middle of our room, we suddenly found our feet surrounded by a pool of water, each window (and we had four) furnishing its little torrent for our inland sea. The weather cleared again towards the afternoon, and by five o'clock when we left Turin, all sultriness was gone, and a delicious freshness in the atmosphere had taken its place, while, at least for the time, all the dust was laid. We travelled in the coupé of the Turin and Milan Diligence, a most comfortable and well-appointed conveyance, very different from the snail and tortoise concerns with which we had hitherto been acquainted. After passing along for several miles, the same uninteresting road by which we entered Turin, we turned away to the right, leaving the road to Ivrea and Aosta on the left. As long as daylight lasted we were

much pleased with the country through which we were travelling, and in the evening sun, the long range of Alps, with Monte Rosa towering over all, was still kept in view. When the sun went down the moon rose, and lent that peculiar fascination to the new country around us, which must be felt to be understood. We passed under her silvery light, through the ancient city of Vercelli, and then approached the Sardinian frontier through the town of Novara, associated in the last war with so much disaster to the arms of Charles Albert. Both these towns looked interesting and pretty, as we saw them, but whether daylight would alter our opinion or not, I cannot tell. Morning dawned as we were leaving Novara, and after a few miles' drive over a flat marshy country, on which there rested a thick unwholesome cloud of vapour, we crossed the Ticino, by a very handsome stone bridge, and quickly rattled under the archway of the Austrian custom-house, having entered the frontier of Lombardy. Hitherto we had been very little troubled about passports and luggage, but here our sorrows as travellers began in that sense. We were in the hands of the Philistines however, and could not help ourselves. Both my friend and myself determined here and elsewhere to take these *désagrémens*, as things which cannot be avoided, and to which it is matter of very bad policy to add the extra element of annoyance and vexation. So we sauntered about, or perched ourselves upon stones, with grave and philosophic contentment, and were able to turn a scene which might otherwise be trying to the nerves, into one of real enjoyment, by watching the groups of people

gathered outside the Douâne, or crowding into it. We witnessed some bye-play between a passenger and an officer, which strongly excited the suspicion, that a certain little hat-box contained tobacco, rather than its proper tenant. Some were mourning over crumpled dresses, and trunks turned topsy-turvy. Others were looking very savage and displeased at such liberties being taken with their property. When the turn of my portmanteau* came, I got speedily out of the way, in order that I might not be too much affected by the rough kind of unpacking and repacking it was likely to get. However, I believe, by the skill of our guide, Jean Tairraz, the search did not proceed very deep or very far. Two hours was the time which we thus pleasantly kicked away with our heels at the door of the Austrian dominions in Italy. Again we started—passports viséed and luggage chalked. About half-past eight o'clock, we reached one of the gates of Milan. There we had the pleasure of sitting for half an hour in the Diligence, while the passports were surrendered to the police, and a receipt prepared for each traveller, in order that he might claim the important document again, which saves him from the trouble of examining the interior of an Austrian prison. At last we reached our present most comfortable quarters, the Hôtel

* Let me here give a single hint to travellers, who are often at frontiers, to take a similar kind of portmanteau to what I had, and which may be obtained at 24, Friday Street, London. In half a minute you can spread it out on the ground, in four distinct divisions, each of these being, of course, shallow, and thus enabling the searcher to see at a glance through your travelling wardrobe, without the necessity of removing anything. Repeatedly as my portmanteau was opened by douâniers during the summer, the contents were never moved.

de la Ville, kept by M. Bairr, without exception one of the best and most admirably conducted houses on the Continent.

Having the whole day before us, after resting a little in the forenoon, we sallied forth, under the guidance of that, in some places, necessary evil, a *valet de place*. At the first rencontre, we mortally offended him, and made him very sulky by giving him expressly to understand, that he was only to take us whither we wished to go, and not where he liked to lead us. In spite of all we could do, however, he was constantly taking us into places we did not care about, and so we found it difficult to keep the peace with him during the day. Milan is a delightful town. The change from Turin is both striking and agreeable. There is a life, and bustle, and brightness, together with the marks of sedate maturity in Milan, which are not to be found in Turin. There are a number of large and very handsome palaces in Milan, belonging to the ancient noblesse, and bearing ample testimony to the splendour with which they must have kept up their aristocratic state. The greater proportion, however, having been the property of those who were expatriated at the Revolution of 1848, the eye is pained, and the mind revolted, by their grand-looking baronial dwellings being now turned into mere barracks for the Austrian troops.

Did ever any stranger try his skill in making his way through the different streets of Milan? If he has, he has tried to thread a labyrinth. I fancy that I have rather the *bump* of locality, and am not slow in discovering the proper course to be taken either on hill, or in valley, or in the

streets and lanes of a large town, but Milan is beyond anything I ever knew. The Seven Dials so famed in the history of St. Giles in London, and concerning which the unwary traveller was always cautioned, that should he, by any foul chance find his way in, his only hope of extrication was to walk back by the way he came,—the Seven Dials, I can speak by experience, were nothing (that is before the clearances of recent years began) in comparison of Milan. In a subsequent visit I paid to the latter, with a Plan in my hand, I did find my way through it, but not once exactly by the course which I had traced out before I started. It may be easily conceived that this very feature in the city gives it a peculiarly picturesque appearance—you have streets trending away from each other in every possible direction, crossed by lanes at all sorts of angles, and with gables of every imaginable shape and size.

Well, under the guidance of our cicerone, we got at length to the Brera, the famed gallery of paintings. We found a very large collection. But here I hardly dare to proceed. I have no wish to exhibit myself as a neophyte regarding the fine arts, by making great blunders ; nor, on the other, do I feel quite able to withhold what I really think—so, in the meantime, I shall compromise matters with myself, and as I probably may have many opportunities yet of visiting picture galleries before I return home, I shall guard my taste and my integrity alike from slander, by saying as little as possible at present. My memorandum, then, just now stands thus:—"Visited the Brera with admiration and disappointment." This is suffi-

ciently ambiguous for a Delphic oracle. I may add, however, without fear of rebuke from any quarter, that we were sorely wearied *in body*, by the time we had wandered through the gallery. The heat of the day, when we were again in the streets, did not in any sense revive us ; but at length, just as we were creeping round a corner, endeavouring to hold by the shadow to the very last, there burst upon us, all at once, the magnificent façade of the Cathedral. Fatigue and weariness fled on the instant. The sun was no longer hot, nor the little round stones of the causeway hard—we were entranced before that glorious pile of white marble. Is it as large as we expected ? It is larger. The infinite number of lines, and the gorgeous ornaments which at the first sight take off somewhat in appearance from the size by their exquisite proportions, when fairly looked at and discerned, give an increased impression of the magnitude of the whole. And then those wonderful pinnacles, shooting up into the air, so slight, so sharp, that you almost think you could grasp them round by the hand, are yet each surmounted by a figure, in some cases larger than life ! We soon found our way into the interior, and there in the sombre gloom which hid the bright day from us, and which was only penetrated by the soft, mellow light, streaming through the brilliant windows of stained glass, we gazed in silent wonder and delight. There may be architectural blemishes in Milan Cathedral for all I know or care ; but if such buildings are meant to impress the senses with the grand and the sublime, then, as far as I am concerned, it had the full effect on me. To

stand inside the mighty dome—to wander round the gigantic pillars—to gaze up to the surpassing richness of the ceiling, and not be lost in admiration, was at least in my case impossible.

After refreshing ourselves for a long time with every possible view we could obtain of the interior, we returned to our hotel, delighted, but only with the appetite whetted to go again and revisit all that had charmed us so much. So here I am writing feebly at night what I felt strongly during the day, and looking forward to gratify my longings to-morrow morning by a complete survey outside and in of the Cathedral. In the cool of the evening we drove to see the beautiful Arco della Pace, which faces the great Simplon road, and were much pleased with it. The whole of the arch is beautifully designed and as beautifully executed, and the bronze figures on the top are spirited, and the grouping very effective. We prolonged our drive for about an hour along a considerable part of the Strada di Circonvallazione, which extends round the ramparts, and which in the summer evenings is the Hyde Park of Milan.

3d July.—Early in the morning we were again at the Cathedral, and after a full examination of the interior, we prepared to mount to the summit of the cupola. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the workmanship throughout. The exceeding delicacy with which each minute portion is finished, and the slightly yellow tint which exposure gives to the white marble, imparts the greatest richness to the effect. Some idea of the lavish

expenditure of labour and money may be conceived, when it is understood that already (for the Cathedral is yet partially unfinished) there are more than three thousand marble statues in the different niches, and on the various pinnacles of this wondrous building!—As you emerge upon the roof, and have all the flying buttresses spread out before you, the gorgeous carved work with which it is profusely ornamented, strikes you with the greatest admiration. Bunches of all kinds of fruit, and flowers of every description—no two ornaments being alike, cover an immense space before you; so extensive indeed is the field, and so varied is the marble herbarium, that the Milanese call it “The Botanic Garden.” At length we mounted to the summit, the tracery work in the stairs as you ascend being sharp and clear and singularly beautiful. We were indeed richly repaid for our toilsome ascent. The view is most magnificent; and the morning was delightfully clear and favourable for a distant prospect. All around us lay the city, with its radiating Corsie, its gates, its tortuous streets, its ramparts, and its numerous churches and public edifices. On every side lay spread out the fertile plains of Lombardy, apparently interminable towards the east in the direction of Verona, but towards the north and north-west bounded by the Alps. In the vast range which lay stretched before us, we were able to distinguish one or two points with which we were already familiar. Monte Rosa was without a cloud. The summits of the Great St. Bernard were discernible, and we thought that we could even descry Mont Blanc. This, however, was doubtful. One peak,

however, appeared before me with singular interest. I could hardly credit the guide when he pointed it out to me, but in taking the bearing, and examining the map, I found out his accuracy—it was the Jungfrau, one of the grandest of all the Alpine tops. As I gazed at it, I wondered whether, on the other side, my beloved ones from the balcony of their Swiss cottage, were looking at the same snow-clad hill. There was something peculiarly sweet in the thought, as well as interesting, that perhaps their eyes and mine were, just at the very same time, resting on the same bright, sparkling peak. I took note of the time. When I returned to Switzerland, I asked questions about the morning of that day. Singularly enough, my young people had no difficulty in recalling it, by reason of its being one of the clearest and brightest they had yet known, when the Jungfrau, and all the range on either side, were more distinctly seen by them than they had ever been before. They had hardly been able to leave the balcony all the morning—and thus my idea was realized, for eyes from the top of Milan Cathedral met eyes from the quiet vale of Thun on the summit of the Jungfrau, and yet the cold place of meeting, I can answer for it, did not chill the love of those so far apart. A little to the west of north, where the hills approach nearest to Milan, we looked with great interest to the openings in which we knew lay the lakes of Como, Maggiore, and Lugano, which we were about to visit; while quite in the opposite direction, a little to the east of south, the outline of the distant Apennines appeared softened by the haze, on which my eye rested with a feel-

ing of lingering regret, as I did not see at that time any probability of my tour extending to their neighbourhood. Altogether we were charmed with the panorama we beheld, and could hardly bring ourselves to the point of leaving it. Again and again our feet were on the top of the stairs to descend, again and again we lingered. Down we were, however, at last, amid the stir and life of the streets, with the sense of solitude far more keenly felt below than above.

By the way, it is very curious this sensation of loneliness. Every person of any feeling, who has travelled abroad, will understand it well. Amid all the crowds in which he may be found—amid the mobs at the railway station, all hemmed up like sheep in the first, second, and third class rooms, until the signal is given for each to rush out—on the deck of the steam-boat, in the coupé of a Diligence, or in the *salon* of an hotel, he cannot divest himself of the feeling of isolation. He is more or less a being apart, and at times the consciousness of this amounts to such pain, as to lead him almost to wish he had never travelled at all. But let him mount to the top of the Cathedral of Milan, or Strasburg, or Antwerp—let him ascend to the top of the Pantheon at Paris—or, better still, let him climb the Alpine steeps of the ranges round Monte Rosa or Mont Blanc—or let him wander over the vast solitudes of the Simplon, the St. Gothard, or the Splügen, and all such feeling vanishes from his mind. His individuality is that which is unceasingly thrust upon him among the crowds of his fellow-creatures. It is lost, swallowed up, forgotten, when in the presence of nature. In the one case he is

hemmed in, cramped, and ever on the defensive ; in the other, he can breathe freely, and there is plenty of room for expansion. He is, and must be, more or less artificial *below*, but *above* he is free from all restraint excepting those grand and solemn impressions which are ever made upon the watchful mind, by “ the visible things ” which declare “ the eternal power and godhead ” of Jehovah.

After breakfast, we walked out to visit one or two of the most remarkable churches in Milan, and were more or less interested with them. One, which from the very ancient character of its architecture, promised to afford us special interest, was completely hidden, under a deplorable amount of crimson and gold hangings, with no end of tinsel and spangle-work, which had just been hung up in preparation for some *festa*, shewing miserably bad taste, and worse religion. After seeing all in that way that we wished, and that we had planned to visit, we at length found our way to the great attraction of the city, besides the Cathedral, namely, the immense painting by Leonardo da Vinci, of the Last Supper. It occupies the whole of an end of the refectory of the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Even in its ruin, this is indeed a wonderful work of art. I had of course seen paintings taken from it, and engravings, of all sizes and in every style, but much as there is to admire, I cannot say that I was ever satisfied with them. How different is the original ! I never saw anything which so enchained me, in spite of the scars of age, and the blotches of unskilful hands with which it is covered. Wordsworth said of it,—“ This picture of the Last Supper has not only

been grievously injured by time, but parts are said to have been painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs—I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Morghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of these works has attained, or even approached.” Leonardo unhappily used oil instead of fresco, and this, together with some earthy matters introduced into the plaster for smoothness, has brought on it premature decay. At the other end of the room there is a large and very remarkable fresco by Montorfano, painted about the same time, but still in excellent preservation, with the single exception of one or two figures at each corner, which Leonardo put in with oil, and which are now almost effaced—thus shewing by the strongest contrast the great disadvantage of the plan he followed.

On returning to the hotel, and turning over the pages of *Murray*, I was not a little gratified by reading the following:—“Persons, however, who are neither artists, nor have any feeling for art, nor are interested in the history and practice of painting, need not go and see it. The general traveller will, when he arrives in the refectory, probably think he has been hoaxed by being sent to see a discoloured wall.” This dictum of the traveller’s oracle quite satisfied my *amour propre*. According to it, I could not possibly belong to the herd of “general” travellers, for I did not think that I was *hoaxed* when I saw the wall of the refectory; and so I sat down comfortably under the reflection, that I must belong to one of the choice and select few who

are either *artists*, or have a strong *feeling* for art, or are interested in the *history*, or *practice* of painting! My modesty forbids me to proceed with the analysis.

After another longing, lingering look at the Cathedral, we left Milan about five o'clock in the afternoon for Como. This was our first trial of an Italian railway. The station is handsome, the waiting-rooms very comfortably and even elegantly furnished, the carriages well fitted up, and the accommodation good. The guards of the train can go through the interior of the whole string of carriages, from one end to the other, without the peril which some of our railway guards in this country encounter, of scrambling from carriage to carriage on the outside. We were not a little amused with the rigour which characterizes the Austrian system of passports, as exhibited to-day. Our passports had all been deposited in the police office at Milan, and being carefully examined, and accurate memoranda taken, so as to trace us afterwards, if we turned out to be suspicious characters, were all *en règle* for Como, and so we in our ignorance thought, that at least *as far* as Como, the passport business was over. Nothing of the kind! We had hardly enjoyed our corner in the railway carriage for five minutes, when one of the doors suddenly opened, and in marched two of the police force, and then and there, in the carriage, our passports were again subjected to a rigid examination by these officials! The sense of liberty of action is wofully interfered with by these and other such prying of a suspicious Government—the feeling of restraint is ever uppermost in the impressions of the mind.

An informal passport, or perhaps one carelessly viséed, may subject you to detention ; to an amount of indescribable vexation ; to be turned back by the way you came ; or possibly to taste the sweets of a little gentle confinement. I tried to make the best of it to myself, by endeavouring to look at the whole business in the light of a large establishment of nurses, provided at the public expense, for poor little children, just trying to walk by themselves, but who could not be expected to know exactly which way to go, or what to do. This reflection made me look with a feeling of tenderness on the rather uncouth specimens of the nurse kind, with whom I came into contact ; but who were doubtless cherishing their unruly flock with great care, and guarding us from all sorts of mischief.

The country all the way from Milan appeared most fertile—the fields on every side teeming with vegetation, and some of the houses of the inhabitants reminding us in their general appearance of the farm-houses in England. As we approached the opening in the hills, where the lake of Como lies, the scenery became very beautiful. Little ridges covered with copse, very like what is found in such varied loveliness in the Trosachs of Scotland, sloped away on either side, broken here and there by a bold rock, or skirting some bright green field, as it reposed peacefully within its quiet nook. We were soon at the terminus, from whence a ten minutes' drive by a very beautiful road, lined with tulip and acacia trees, brings you to the town of Como.

The lake of Como, near the middle, is divided into two branches towards the south. At the extremity of the

eastern branch the town of Lecco is situated ; at the extremity of the western is the town of Como. We were a good deal disappointed with the situation of the latter when we arrived. We had fancied that we should have a fine lake view from it, and as we were to remain there over Sunday, we were much vexed to find that we had located ourselves in a low lying, hot, and confined town, into which a mere apology for the end of a lake intrudes itself, very slimy and very dirty, and with no fine view whatever. However, we were obliged to make the best of it. After settling ourselves at the Angel Inn, we took a boat in the cool of the evening to enjoy a little sail on the lake. What I think of the lake I do not feel able yet to say, but shall reserve myself for next week, when we hope to see it fully. The boats here are strange, uncouth looking things, and very awkwardly handled. They are somewhat like Venetian gondolas, blown out into most aldermanic proportions, suggesting thoughts of turtle,—very different from the light, graceful-looking craft which, on the lake of Geneva, seem at times like a snow-white bird, with poised wing, skimming the surface of the water.

5th July.—Yesterday was to me a very sad day. Separated as we were from all outward means of grace, I was, in addition, utterly incapacitated from offering to undertake any duty in the hotel, or even from enjoying personally the hours of the Sabbath. I felt very unwell, and miserably weak. The house in which we were was a perfect sun-trap for the greater part of the day, and I could do nothing but rest upon the sofa from morning till evening. I tried

to read and to think—but, alas! to very little purpose. Nothing but drowsiness, and torpor of mind and body, broken in upon by the noise and uproar of boat-parties and pleasure-seekers getting rid of the Sabbath-day outside, as best they could. And yet such seasons are not wanting in important impressions, if we carefully cherish them. They discover to ourselves more and more of our own helplessness, and of our entire dependence on the ever present goodness, mercy, and forbearance of God for every moment's active enjoyment of mind or body.

At eight o'clock this morning we left our quarters at the Angel without regret, and stepped on board the steamer, which goes and returns daily from one end to the other of the lake. Our plan, however, was not to go to the upper end, whence the famous pass of the Splügen is reached, but only about mid-way, to a place called Menaggio, thence to cross over to Lago Lugano, having ultimately before us the pass of the Simplon. And now what shall I say of the far-famed Lake of Como? I really hardly dare to begin my description of it.

I feel very much like a poor boy who has a task imposed upon him which he does not at all like, but which he knows must be done, and whose fingers tingle with a sort of prophetic warning that he will not be considered as having done it right! Well, I cannot help it, and so here is my confession about the Lake of Como. I think it a poor, disappointing place, notwithstanding all the noise which has been made about it. I have no doubt my taste here will be unmercifully impugned, but no matter. I

must write as I feel, and look with my own eyes, rather than through the coloured glasses of other people—and so I repeat I was grievously disappointed. And here are some of the causes of my disappointment. The hills on either side of the lake are not sufficiently massive or high to give grandeur to the scene, nor are they so much broken, as to create variety. But in the absence of all pretensions to grandeur or variety, there is nothing after all so sweet, and soft, and winning, as to induce the eye to repose upon it. The reddish colour of the soil is on every side seen shining through whatever green there is, and so imparting to it a faded and worn aspect. And even where large masses of wood effectually conceal the soil, yet the extensive prevalence throughout of the olive-tree with its dim, lustreless, dusty leaf, completely mars the bloom and freshness which might otherwise refresh the eye. Then as regards the houses—there are too many of them. Their number breaks in too much on the *nature* of the scenery, and gives the slopes on either side a blotched and dotted appearance. The houses, too, are themselves, with very few exceptions, marvellously ugly—and at the same time they have an air of dilapidation altogether disheartening, and breathe the very reverse of all pleasant thoughts of comfortable homesteads and a thriving people. What a contrast between them and some of the sweet-looking Swiss cottages, which are seen resting on the bright green banks, and folded in the luxuriant foliage of such lakes as those of Lucerne, Zurich, or Wallenstadt? The only exception I make to the above, are one or two villas of a superior description,

and here and there a little village by the water's edge, which are very pretty. Menaggio lies a little way higher up the lake than the point at which the lower extremity is divided into its two branches, and just here is doubtless the most beautiful part, and though I admit that it is not open in this portion to the full amount of detraction which I have ventured to use in speaking of the lake as a whole, yet there is nothing on the other hand so marked or special as to oblige me to modify my opinion essentially. It really is grievous to write thus about a place which, in the imaginations of hundreds, as in my own, was ever regarded as a sort of earthly paradise. It was some time before I could allow myself to lay aside all my cherished mental pictures for the very plain, commonplace, and thread-bare reality.*

As to all the fine gorgeous effects which are sometimes fabulously bestowed on Como, I regard them as moonshine of the first quality. My dear friend Macdonald and I wandered into a print-shop in Milan on Saturday, in search of some little souvenirs for home. I was satisfied with a little modest-looking sketch of the Cathedral. My friend, however, with his long purse, launched out into several engravings of a more pretentious description. Among others he purchased a panoramic view of the Lake of Como, of grand and imposing dimensions. Mere black and white, light and shade, were not left to tell their own

* These impressions were more than confirmed by subsequent observation. I have been twice at Como since writing the above—once along the shore at the foot of the lake, and once in the steamer the whole distance from the foot to the head, and I can only say, that if I were ever again at Milan, I should not think it worth my while to go to Como.

story in it, but all the colours of the rainbow were borrowed, to give that blue, purple, and vermilion tint which, I suppose, some scenes in southern Italy occasionally exhibit with nearly similar intensity, and in which print-shops in Italy are so prolific. My poor friend looked blank enough when he saw the original of his flaming picture. His feeling entirely accorded with mine,—and I should exceedingly relish being at his elbow when any of his visitors at Rossie, in their survey of his collection of engravings, shall chance to stumble on his splendid, and I doubt not, much-cherished picture of Como.

On landing at Menaggio, we got a little rickety car to carry us across the hill between the lakes of Como and Lugano. The day was very fine, and the drive very beautiful, as the road wound up over the ridge of the hill. The descent on the other side was delightful, and as we came in sight of Lugano, all our feelings of disappointment at Como were forgotten. Little is said of the one in comparison of the other, and, as I think, very unjustly. Lugano is charming. There is a boldness and grandeur in the outline of the hills, with a variety both above and below, which makes it one of the most perfect pieces of lake scenery I have yet seen. We were not long in reaching Porlezza, on the margin of the lake, where the road terminates, and from whence, if your object is to reach Lugano, (the town,) you must go by water. Formerly, a steam-boat used to touch once a-day at this place, but it had been discontinued for some time before we were there. The little village of Porlezza is beautifully situated in a sheltered

creek. When we arrived, a brisk breeze was blowing off the lake, and the whole expanse before us was glittering and dancing in the sun-beam, while the little wavelets kept up a cool, delicious, incessant plashing on the shore. The view we caught from the car, as we drove down the very narrow, long, but most picturesque street which opens towards the lake, was truly beautiful.

But I bid the unwary traveller take good heed to himself at Porlezza. Once there, to use the American phrase, he is "in a fix." He must either go back the way he came, or hire a boat at the terms of the boatmen. There is no other mode of extrication from this romantic little village! I need scarcely say, that such being the case, you are entirely at the mercy of the boatmen, who monopolize this mode of conveyance, and suffer no competition among themselves. The rascals know perfectly well that they have their unfortunate victim in their toils, and they play with him as a cat plays with the mouse fairly under her paw. There they sit lounging about on stones and logs, smoking, dozing, singing, laughing, with the most provoking coolness—taking it quite easy, and seeming to wonder that you are not as much satisfied and contented as themselves. Your time is precious, you wish to get away, but this does not touch their tender mercies at all, or bring them a bit sooner to a fair bargain. Oh no, you are there, and you *must* pay—so all your haggling goes for nothing—except that it sours your temper, and enables them to assume an air of injured innocence, when after all you are obliged to succumb, and yield to their exorbitant demands.

Murray informs the unhappy traveller who trusts him, that you can hire a boat at Porlezza for Lugano, at three francs for each rower. We, of course, good, easy souls, thought we had nothing to do but go down to the water's edge, and hail the first boat at that rate. Truly they gave no heed to such interference with their vested rights. Their boats were heartily at our service, but upon the broad principles of justice and equity, they could not take less, and were sure we could not offer less than *five* francs each rower! This portion of the engagement over, with complete victory on the part of the boatmen, all seemed on the point of adjustment. We choose that boat lying off there, with a couple of boatmen. "*Two* boatmen?" they cry, and then they smoke out their utter disgust at the proposal. *Three* at the very least must go. Well, there is no use fighting any more, we are fairly beaten, they have in fact taken us captive, and fifteen francs is our ransom. Do not let it be supposed that Macdonald and I personally engaged in this conflict. This would have been to discompose ourselves most unnecessarily. No, we were only beaten in the person of our guide. We saw him from time to time in the thick of the battle, and the dumb show was very eloquent, and then he presented himself before us, to report progress, and to receive directions. When, therefore, at length, we stepped into the boat, we just saved our dignity, inasmuch as we considered ourselves only beaten by proxy. But again I repeat, let travellers beware of Porlezza and its extortionate boatmen.

The sail along the shore of the lake was delightful, and

we were soon on agreeable terms with our late opponents. About half way from Porlezza to Lugano lies the frontier between the Austrian dominions in Italy and the Tessin, one of the Cantons of Switzerland. Here, of course, we were obliged to pause for a little—the Austrians taking as much care to prevent your going out of their possessions of your own accord, as they do to prevent your entering them. Again, therefore, our passports were to be produced and examined, and being declared all right, we moved across the imperceptible line on the water which separated the despotism of Austria from the democracy of Switzerland. By the way, it must be an exciting station for the Austrian police, that of the Lago Lugano, inasmuch as it is said, that in the town of Lugano alone, though there are not more than four or five thousand inhabitants, there are not fewer than three newspapers of ultra-democratic principles, and that the booksellers there take a spiteful pleasure in publishing books which are prohibited in Italy, and spare no pains to get them across the forbidden frontier. Once more then, we were, if not in a land of liberty, at least upon its shore, and as we sailed along, we tried, but tried in vain, to mark the line which separates the two kingdoms from each other, or to descry some unmistakable features of the policy of the one or the other, on the hills, or the trees, or the mountain torrents. Despotism and democracy have left their impress on many things—nature despises both alike.

As the afternoon wore away, the air became deliciously cool, and the scenery of the lake became still more open,

grand, and lovely than before. A jutting headland before us on our right limited our view for a little in that direction. When, however, we rounded the point, the prospect was indeed charming. The town of Lugano lay resting on rather a steep slope reaching to the margin of the lake, which here takes a sweep round of nearly two-thirds of a circle. At the end of this long and beautiful curve, opposite to the point we were passing, rises the grand Monte Salvadore, whose broken and rugged sides run down into the lake. To the left of this mountain, and south from our point of view, a large and very beautiful arm of the lake comes into sight, while the upper end by which we had come stretched away to the east. That portion of the lake which we for the first time observed towards the south, glistening in the evening sun, takes at the extreme end a rapid bend, and turns again on the right hand, completely to the north. Thus Monte Salvadore forms a large promontory, and on either side the clear waters of Lugano lave his feet.

As we drew near to the town, we saw the hotel to which we were going close upon the shore. It was a large and very imposing looking building. Assuredly, when in it, the interior did not correspond with the external promise. It is a great, rambling, dirty place, with rooms large enough for a palace, and with wonderful pretensions, but with a general look about them which made our skin creep. I find lying beside me a short memorandum of my friend Macdonald about it. "Hôtel du Lac—splendid exterior, but dirty"—followed up by the bitter and sweet compliment—"attendance wretched—charges moderate." I would

here give a hint to all travellers, never to suppose that, because *Murray* or any body else praises one, or condemns another of the Continental hotels, they may act upon such information. All that they say, may be, and I doubt not is, perfectly true, at the time when they give their report ; but a year, or half a year, very often sees an entire change from bad to good, or good to bad, or to any of the intermediate stages of indifferentism, effected in the inns of such places as are visited for only a few months in the season, and deserted all the rest ; and this is the case with mostly all of the Continental hotels, with the exception of those in cities. My friend and I could verify from our memoranda this remark in a great number of instances,—sometimes finding, as we did, miserable accommodation where we were led to expect the contrary, and being most comfortable in others which had been heartily condemned.

The town of Lugano is a very thriving one. Several large manufactories are here, and the people are industrious and active. The streets are very narrow, and if the sickening odours they emit had permitted us, we might have lingered as we passed through them, to admire their very picturesque and truly Italian appearance. The view from the terrace in front of the Cathedral of San Lorenzo is remarkably fine. One of the excursions in this neighbourhood is a walk or ride to the summit of Salvatore, which is a sort of Righi of Lugano,—but I am unable to attempt this. For several days I have felt so feeble as to be utterly unfitted for any exertion whatever. To-morrow, therefore, we propose journeying onwards to Lago Maggiore.

6th July.—We left Lugano this morning. I was anxious to get on, but had certain threatening symptoms of a feverish character, that made me fear a little my ability to proceed. However, I was permitted to enjoy our drive very much, from one lake to the other. The road, after leaving Lugano, rises very rapidly over a steep ridge, which is, in fact, a continuation of Monte Salvatore, and when you have surmounted this, you descend rapidly on the other side, to the border of the same lake you have just left. This is, in fact, the lower extremity of Lago Lugano. Porlezza is at the head, then passing by the bay in which the town lies, the lake sweeps round Salvatore to the lower end, along the margin of which we drove this morning. The scenery was very beautiful, particularly when leaving the lake. The road followed the course of the Tresa by which the waters of Lago Lugano flow into the neighbouring Lake of Maggiore, which again empties itself into the Ticino. Within a few miles of Luino, which was the little village from whence we were to reach the steam-boat on Lago Maggiore, we again encountered the Austrian frontier. This was a most provoking business. We had not more than five or six miles of an Austrian territory to pass through—leaving Switzerland behind us, and having the Sardinian frontier before us, and yet we had all the pleasures of passport and luggage examination to undergo. Fortunately for our temper, (the day being very hot,) we found a tame young jackdaw with which to amuse ourselves, and so with his help and a large pitcher of ice-cold water, which the Austrians had the

compassion to give us, we passed the ordeal with tolerable equanimity. After leaving the custom-house, we drove across an upland tract of country, which reminded us of a part of the Highland road between Blair Athol and Kenmore, and were soon at Luino. By this time I was thoroughly ill, hardly able to hold up my head, or to walk. I have therefore but a very dim and indistinct remembrance of Maggiore, as we came down upon its shore. That slight recollection, however, is most pleasing. It has left an impression which I should rejoice to be able, at some future time, to renew under more favourable circumstances. I began now to be seriously anxious lest I should be laid up, and cause alarm to my family, and indescribable inconvenience and worry to my friend and companion. A few wretched hours were spent at Luino waiting for the steamer, the fever constantly increasing, with that peculiar sensation over the surface of the body which can only be understood by those who have suffered from severe attacks of illness. At length the boat came, and I was helped on board. Fortunately the distance was not great, as Baveno, to which we were going, is only a little way down on the other side of the Lake from Luino. I crawled away to the cabin, and lay down there. By this time I got flushed and confused, and could hardly tell where I was. Landed at Baveno, I was taken up to this quiet, snug little inn, where, very unexpectedly, the fever which had so seriously threatened me, suddenly abated ; so the order for the attendance of a medical man was recalled, and by dint of the kind nursing of my friend, and some delicious tea which

he made for me, I felt so far recovered as to dispel the fear of detention, and to be able to set down these few notes of a very trying day.—I thank God for this little, gentle hint. It makes me feel more forcibly than ever what I owe to him every moment and hour of my life. How prone we are to forget the substance as well as the sum of each day's mercies! How little may interfere and rob us of all enjoyment of everything else around us—the agonizing shrinking of some nerve—the rapid throb of a fevered pulse—are quite sufficient to neutralize the thousand pleasant things which lie before us in our path. How constant then his watchfulness, how minute his attention to our every moment's need, when he gives us *all* things richly to enjoy! And how great is the sum of these mercies, when not once or twice, but almost constantly these are supplied liberally and ungrudgingly. Oh, that we might ever cherish the full conviction that he is our Father—in whom we “live, and move, and have our being.” And above all, how blessed it is habitually to associate with every temporal mercy which a Father's love bestows, the one, grand, and unutterably precious act of his grace, in giving us his only-begotten Son. How doubly sweet every token of his kindness would become, were we ever ready to feel and say, “This too comes with God's unspeakable gift.”

CHAPTER IX.

BAVENO—VOGOGNA—VAL ANZASCA—PESTARENA—MONTE MORO—DOMO
D'OSSOLA—THE SIMPLON—THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE—LEUK—THE
GEMMI.

7th July.

A LONG night's rest exceedingly refreshed me, and though I felt very languid and feeble, every symptom of fever had disappeared. We agreed to delay our departure from Baveno till late in the afternoon,—the heat of the day being passed by that time, and as we only wished to get on about fifteen miles, I should thus have more time to recruit before we started. In the mean time we hired a boat to take us to the Isola Bella, one of the islands in the widest part of Lago Maggiore, and famed for the palace and gardens of the great family of Borromeo. There was a pleasant breeze on the lake, and I found the sail most reviving. We soon reached the island, and travelled through the deserted rooms of the palace, and over all the terraces of the far-famed garden. These latter were originally formed at enormous expense. The island itself was little more than a bare rock, but walls were built up on every side, and then immense quantities of the richest mould transported in large boats from the mainland. Fruits and flowers, many of them of a tropical character, freely flourish here. Oranges and citrons abound—there

are cork-trees and palm-trees, myrtles, pomegranates, aloes, cactuses, the camphor-tree, sugar-cane, and the coffee-plant. From the present depressed condition of the family everything in the gardens appears falling to decay, but still sufficient is left to mark the luxuriance with which it must have been at one period adorned. When the gardens were kept up, at great cost, by the proprietor, large portions of the terraces were boarded over during the winter, and thus some of the more tender of the plants were preserved from the severity of the frost.

Great difference of opinion exists with regard to this curious island. Some think it nothing short of an Eden, surrounded as it is by the blue waters of a lovely lake, with all the grandeur of a palace, the gorgeousness of tropical vegetation, and within sight of the everlasting snows of the Alps; and so they paint it before your fancy as an abode in which you could dream away your existence as in fairy-land. Others again condemn it as a wretched specimen of bad taste, regarding it as no better than a fair effort of confectionary art; while some have gone the length of discovering a great resemblance between it and "a huge Perigord pie." These are of course the extremes on both sides. Curious, however, and interesting as it is in many respects, especially to one who may have arrived from the snowy passes of the Alps, coming suddenly down upon it by the great Simplon road, it is unquestionably an exhibition of very doubtful taste, to say the least of it. The terraces are not well disposed; on the contrary, they are stiffly and awkwardly laid out. Above all, there is not in their

arrangement art enough to conceal the design of the proprietor—which was to make a small area of ground appear very large. The statues are poor, many of them insignificant ; the only thing which is really striking and novel, being the long range of subterranean grotto-like rooms, in which shells and stones and crystals and stalactites, with a great variety of characteristic statuary, are used with such skill as, together with the views from the windows on the water of the lake, to give you the impression that you are in some submarine mansion, which has been planned and executed under the direction of a fishy architect.

But I was even more disappointed with the appearance of the Isola Bella from the water, than with what I saw of its interior. *Murray*, who by the way is not often found tripping in matters of description, had misled our expectations regarding the appearance of this island of the Borromean cluster in comparison with another. He says, in rowing from Baveno to the Isola Bella, you pass “the Isola dei Pescatori, so called because its inhabitants are poor fishermen, whose rude semi-plastered hovels contrast abruptly with the stately structures on the neighbouring island.” Now I wish I had the power of putting down on paper a faithful sketch of the two islands, for then I am sure there could not be a moment’s difficulty in just reversing *Murray*’s decision. The fact is, the Isola dei Pescatori, be the inhabitants rich or poor, fishermen or washerwomen, is one of the most picturesque groups of buildings, with the soft blue water of the lake laving it on every side, that I ever saw, while the “*stately* structures” in the Isola Bella

have no more claim to the epithet than if they belonged to a silk mill or a cotton factory, and if the walls of the one are semi-plastered, I can only say that on one side of the stately structure I saw no plaster at all ! One thing struck my friend and myself very much in the Isola Bella. The immense walls of the Borromean palace extend round two-thirds of the island, embracing, with their extremities, half-a-dozen of really miserable looking hovels. What those on the Isola dei Pescatori may be, when you are close to them, I cannot tell ; but I certainly never saw such wretched, ruinous, tumble-down houses, as those which are so affectionately guarded by their aristocratic neighbour. If one desired to institute contrasts, it did not need to compare one island with another, but rather the two widely diverse sets of buildings in one of them. As you saw it from the lake on one side, the Isola Bella was not a bad type of the human heart, which always desires "to make a fair show in the flesh," ever halting, however, between the grand and the paltry ; while, if you viewed it from the other side, it was a true emblem of poor fallen human nature displayed—a wreck, a ruin, shabby and dismantled, yet assuming to itself pretensions, as if of right it ought to be the lodging place of all great and royal and goodly things.

Shortly after our return to the inn at Baveno, the day, which had hitherto been very bright though sultry, became overcast and lowering. The storm was not long in arriving. It seemed to come from the other side of the lake, and when once on its way, it swept across the water with sudden and considerable violence. Peal succeeded peal,

and then the thunder echo rattled among the hills, and rolled away one knew not whither. The lightning flashed sometimes in broad sheets of flame, and then in wild fierce-looking jagged streaks—at times bright and clear, at times purplish and red. The waters of the lake were in some places violently agitated, as if the chariot wheels of some unearthly host were rushing over its surface, and the din of battle seemed to sound in our ears. Nothing could be more beautiful than some of the effects produced on the lake, at the time when the storm crossed over. In one part the water seemed dull and still as lead. Close by this dead calm, it was being torn and tossed about in every fantastic form—the white crest of the billows gleaming amid the surrounding shadows, not lighting them up, but imparting to them somewhat of a fierce and savage look. A little farther on, the dark leaden colour was suddenly broken off by a line of deep and angry red, at the end of which, a straggling ray of the sun poured down a bright stream of golden light, revealing but not dissipating the gloom beyond. On one side, where the storm was only threatening as yet, the colours of the water were indeed surpassingly lovely—here a patch of bright green was bordered by a band of the deepest purple, which again was shaded away into a soft and lovely blue. On the other side, sky and water seemed already mingled,—first the hills on the opposite shore, and then the islands were lost to view,—at length the thunder-cloud marched on, the blue sky overhead becoming now less and less, till all was gone, and then after a few minutes of stifling heat and threatening gloom,

down came the great drops of rain, the first-fruits of such a torrent, as if the windows from on high were opened.

By the time we left Baveno, though the storm had for the time abated a little, it was by no means at an end ; it still kept grumbling and muttering among the hills, in the direction in which we were going, as if determined to give us a night of it. The air had been delightfully cooled by the quantity of rain which had fallen, and so we enjoyed our drive in the voiture we hired to carry us up the Simplon road as far as Vogogna. We had on our way a slight specimen of Italian manners. Our voiture was somewhat of a phaeton in appearance, with the front seat, however, covered by a great hood, like the hood of a gig, only being open at the back. Macdonald and I were inside, our guide was in front, next the postilion. We had hardly cleared the town when the carriage stopped, and our voiturier jumped down, and very coolly, without asking us a single question, to know whether we would permit it or not, or whether we would even like it, he handed up to the front seat a great heavy burly farmer-looking man, and then got up himself on the foot-board and drove on. Macdonald and I looked to each other in amazement. No doubt we might have insisted on our strange friend getting down, as the carriage was our own for the time ; but we knew well, that if we demanded his expulsion, it would have so annoyed our postilion, that he would have broken traces, lamed horses, and played all sorts of tricks on the road to keep us back, and so made us smart for not letting him help his friend and his own pocket together. After

all, the thing is so common in Italy, that people see no want of courtesy in it, nor do they mean anything uncivil by it. Indulging ourselves, therefore, with a scarcely perceptible English grumble, we let the man take his own way.

10th July.—We reached Vogogna in the evening of the 7th in the midst of the thunder-storm which had not passed away, and with the clouds quite down upon the hills, so that we could see little or nothing of the valley by which we had travelled. Vogogna itself is a pretty village, and very beautifully situated, with a very tolerable inn. We halted there, meaning to leave the greater part of our luggage at the inn, and only take our knapsacks with us, to explore the Val Anzasca, which runs off to the west, and then to return to Vogogna, and so pursue our route over the Simplon. Let me entreat all travellers who may be on the Simplon road, to make a point of visiting this valley. It is comparatively little known. The great multitude of travellers never think of attempting it. Having crossed the Simplon towards Italy, they are impatient to get to the lakes or to Milan, or returning from Italy, they are equally impatient to cross the great chain of the Alps, and be in Switzerland. All this is very much to the loss of those who really love fine scenery, and who travel not for the sake of getting over the ground, but in order to fill their mind with the healthful and refreshing impressions of all that is grand and beautiful in nature. I think I am not wrong in venturing the assertion, that on the whole, taking the range of Monte Rosa, either as you approach it by the Val Anzasca from the east, or through the valleys

of Tournanche, Challant, and Vallais, from Chatillon in Val d'Aosta, on the south-west, or from the north by the Nicolai Thal, from the valley of the Rhone to Zermatt—there is nothing to equal it in the whole Alpine range,—and that while there are some special beauties belonging to the range of Mont Blanc,—notwithstanding all this, Monte Rosa must be regarded as superior in points of interest, grandeur, and beauty. Never, then, let the traveller (provided only, that the weather is favourable) pass Visp in the valley of the Rhone without exploring Zermatt, or Vogogna without finding his way to the base of Monte Rosa by the Val Anzasca. He will be richly repaid. Indeed, I think it is not unlikely that in a short time we may find a visit to Monte Rosa as essential a part of Alpine travelling as Chamouny itself. I for one affirm that I should be quite satisfied to take a journey again to Switzerland, with no other object in view, than to spend a fortnight or three weeks near that wondrous group of mountains.

Early in the morning of the 8th we left Vogogna in a car, which we were to take as far up the valley as the road yet extends. This is only to a place called Castiglione—though a large body of workmen are rapidly proceeding with a continuation of it, higher up the valley. What there is of it, is beautifully engineered and admirably laid down, and the greatest care seems to be given to that portion of it which they are still forming. After leaving Vogogna, we drove up the Simplon road for about a mile, and then where it crosses the torrent of the Toccia, we left it on the right, and proceeded right across the valley to the

entrance of the Val Anzasca, seeing always before us a pretty little village called Mulera, beautifully situated at the base of some verdant hills which are rounded off on the left of the Val Anzasca, as it enters the Val d'Ossola in which Vogogna lies. Like many other of the Alpine streams, the Toccia, which flows through this latter valley, and across which we went, often rises with great rapidity, and defying all attempts to limit it to one course or channel, dashes over the greater part of the low grounds in the valley, carrying desolation with it, and rendering a large extent of land perfectly useless for the future labour of the husbandman. That portion of the valley across which we drove, in order to reach Mulera, was covered with the debris of former floods, broken up by numberless channels made by the raging torrent, and strewn with immense masses of gravel and sand. The distance from the ordinary channel of the Toccia to Mulera is about a mile, certainly not less, and yet the above is the character of the whole throughout. It may well be supposed that it wears an aspect of singular desolateness and ruin.

But truly if the scene of sterility through which we were passing had a tendency to depress the mind, all such lowness and flagging of spirit were most effectually kept off and dispelled by the cruel tossing which we experienced in our little car. Even the Vaudois car was not so bad. In the one, there was an apology for springs, in the other, the body of the car was simply laid like a common cart, on the axles of the wheels. In the one case we had a road, though a rough one—in the other, our route was more like

the bed of a stream than a road. Oh, the jolting of that morning was unmerciful. I have a most vivid remembrance of it at this moment, seeing that my bones have not yet recovered from the assaults made on them. Macdonald and I were on the seat at the back, and there we were obliged to hold on alike with hands and feet, in order to prevent ourselves from being fairly bumped out on the road. Those who have tried it can well understand how comfortable the elbows feel under such circumstances. Before us sat our poor guide trying to look calm and self-possessed with a cigar in his mouth, but every now and then sadly discomposed with the freedoms the car chose to take with him. Beside him sat the youthful driver, an elfin-looking sprite in a blue blouse, with a strange wandering glint in his lustrous eye. He indeed was in all his glory,—he had caught a pair of Englishmen, and was giving them a taste of his driving. As the car jumped and bolted, he flew about as lightly as a shuttlecock. Indeed it was an aggravation to our sore plight to see his spirits rise, and his tongue rattle more volubly the more we were knocked about. Every shake that threatened to break us up altogether, only gave him the free and easy movement of an Indian-rubber ball, and set him jabbering and mewling to his little pony like a monkey.

At length after passing Mulera, we got upon a better road, and were able with some calmness to survey the past, and look round on the present! As to the past, there came a slight shudder over us when we considered that the same fearful exercise lay between us and our luggage,

which we had left at Vogogna ; however, everything now was absorbed in the wonderful beauty of the valley into which we had entered. It is indeed wonderful. Looking back in the direction of Vogogna, the large masses of Monte Buzzanasca close the view in that direction, and during the whole of the way up the valley to near Pestarena, you never lose sight of them, and their ruggedness and grandeur add unspeakably to the scenery of the valley itself. Towards the upper end, the Val Anzasca branches off into two directions, that on the right as you look up, leading to the base of Monte Rosa, and so as you ascend, your eye catches from time to time a glowing white peak, while the other on the left leads by Pianassa to the ridge of the Del Moro towards the Val Sesia. Let no one ever fancy that he knows what an Alpine valley is in all its glory who has not penetrated this one. The senses are wholly taken captive by it. Not the least feeling of weariness from any sameness in the picture afflicts one. A constant succession of the most varied scenery that can be conceived furnishes a perpetual feast, without ever allowing the appetite to be cloyed. I must altogether fail to convey to any one an adequate conception of the beauties of this valley,—so much is thrown together with sufficient distinctness and room as not to appear jumbled or confused, and yet so grouped within an easy range of vision, as to give each separate feature in detail its full and perfect development. The opening of the valley is most wild and picturesque. The road winds in and out among the deep indentations of the hills which close it in. Repeatedly it

turns round points of terrible grandeur, seeming to overhang vast depths of dark shadow beneath. As I have already said, it is admirably planned and constructed. The ascent is very gradual ; every peculiarity in hill slope is taken advantage of, every difficulty fearlessly overcome, either by bridges which leap across deep chasms, or by galleries pierced through the living rock—and it has thus much of the wild charm which belongs to some portions of such passes as the Simplon or the Splügen, with all the added loveliness of the richest vegetation, and the most massive foliage. No one who has ever witnessed the latter can ever forget it. Here are trees of every description and of every size—the pine, the maple, the sycamore, the chestnut, the walnut, the beech, the oak, the wild cherry, and the birch—with many others which I cannot enumerate. It may be readily conceived that this gives every possible tint of green, from the dark and sombre pine to the light and graceful birch—and that, too, not thinly spread over little patches here and there, but covering such an extent of ground as to give the impression of the greatest richness. And yet with all this, there is no sameness. The exceedingly irregular form of the sides of the valley entirely prevents this. Deep ravines running up on every side, frowning rocks, and shelving precipices, with an endless variety of leaping, sparkling, joyous cascades, and the most lovely banks of bright green grass high up, with little fields of grain, and snug looking cottages, all combine to *set off* the masses of foliage with every variety of colour and form.

The road, as far as it is yet passable, terminates, as I

have said, at Castiglione, a little village in a choice situation, and there we left our car, and the little elf, our driver, with directions that he should return for us by one or two o'clock to-day, not to drive us, but to shake us down to Vogogna. We had our knapsacks with us, and our Alpenstock, and so we started in great glee for our walk up the valley. Our guide was anxious to carry both our knapsacks for us, but I was resolved to have a fair trial of such a mode of travelling. We at length came to the amicable arrangement, that Tairraz should have Macdonald's knapsack, which was a large and imposing, but rather heavy one, and that Macdonald and I should take turn about with my slighter and less cumbrous kit. While I am about it, let me have done with knapsacks at once. I am quite sure, from the little taste I had of it, that far from being an encumbrance, it is, if it be only of moderate dimensions, and made of soft materials, and not over-packed, rather a help than otherwise. Mine (the gift of a dear friend) was made of very soft black oilskin, all its straps being likewise of soft but strong leather. I was sensible of the feeling of firmness in walking which it tended to give me—nor was it so heavy as by its weight to overbalance this advantage. Every one who has taken long walks, and especially in hilly countries, must be aware of the immense importance of keeping the *back* in good walking order. Well, my experience, so far as it went, satisfies me, that the knapsack helps to keep the back in trim, and strengthen it for endurance, by steadying it, and so keeping its working gear all right. There is, however, one caution, which I am disposed

to give to any who may indulge in this particular of Alpine travelling. Great care should be taken of cold after walking with the knapsack. The back between the shoulders, on which it rests, necessarily gets very much heated, and as the traveller is for the most part resting among the more elevated spots, where the temperature is generally keen and bracing, a sudden chill may be followed by a rheumatic attack, which would be anything but pleasant in such places. As a matter of precaution, I should strongly recommend pedestrians to carry with them a good square of thick flannel, about eight or ten inches wide and long, which they may easily slip in, under their waistcoat, after the day's walk, until they have properly cooled down.

Our walk at first was a very scrambling one, partly over the rude commencement of the road which is being continued up the valley, partly by little bits of pathway, which now and then led us into situations not a little trying to the head and nerves—where both foot and hand required to hold firmly on, as any slip would have inevitably led neither to a short journey nor a pleasant landing-place. After proceeding for about a mile and a half or two miles in this manner, we came to a more regularly formed footway. This continued up the whole length of the valley. The greater part of it was most trying for the feet, being laid with large and rough stones, the only method by which it can be preserved from the destructive action of frequent floods. Let no traveller among the Alps care for the *weight* of his shoes, in comparison of their having strong and thick soles, able to resist the wear and tear of

such walking, as in the Val Anzasca. The first point for which we made, and which we had for a considerable time before us, was that part of the valley which I have mentioned above, as forking off into two branches. Just there a little village, called Ponte Grande, with a fine, old, picturesque-looking bridge over the torrent below, was to be our halting-place. And truly beautiful it looked as we caught the first and distant view of it. The left branch of the valley opening and expanding with most inviting attractiveness, while that on the right, up which our course lay, from being in a more direct line, had a singularly striking appearance, in consequence of the hills where the village of Ponte Grande is situated, approaching very near one another, and forming a gorge only wide enough for the Anza to find its furious passage through. And yet, nevertheless, they do not conceal from you the upper part of the valley, which stretches away behind—with the glittering snows of Monte Rosa in the distance. It is hardly possible to conceive the beauty which this break, just at this part of the valley, imparts to the whole. As we wandered up, new points of view presented themselves to us with unceasing interest. The stream itself, to those who had just come from the hot plains of Italy, was a most refreshing sight, as we saw it at one time careering amid rocks and stones of prodigious size, or at another, watched it gliding more steadily, amid some magnificent chestnuts, and laving the bright greensward with its snow-tinged waters.

If we turned our eye upwards too, there was no end to our delight. Once, particularly, we were quite entranced

with a scene which burst upon us. Upon a very rugged portion of the mountain-side, and almost on a jutting rock, and yet decked on all sides with waving trees of ever-varying hue, we descried a most beautiful and picturesque church. There it stood, with its pure white walls and *campanile* tower, looking out upon the valley, as if watching over it,—and a mountain stream foaming and dashing down at one side, here lost behind a rock, and there sinking in the dark green foliage, and everywhere else glancing back the light of the mid-day sun. Scarcely had the first impression of delightful surprise passed than the thought occurred—why a church up in such an inaccessible situation? And hardly did we ask ourselves the question, when the eye was carried to long vistas of pasture beyond, and recesses here and there upon the slopes of the mighty hills, where lay scattered, but sheltered, and happy, and cheerful looking, a considerable number of cottages, forming, I have no doubt, a large population for such a district. And so we found, that instead of a church being perched up so high as if to be a mere object of observation from below, with scarcely the probability of any one reaching it—being in fact only to be looked at from beneath on its rocky eminence—it was in reality a church to which the worshippers would *descend* from the still higher elevation of the hill-side above. We noticed, too, that a deep gully ran between the Alpine village and the church; and in imagination we could not but conceive what a wondrously beautiful and wild path it must be which threads its way from the one to the other. Oh, if one could have felt that

the poor people who trode that beaten path so often were really hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and that the church to which they so often repaired was truly as the house of God and the gate of heaven, where they would always hear the word of salvation preached faithfully, and the Gospel trumpet sounded loudly—where “pastures of tender grass” would ever be provided by a faithful shepherd, and “waters of quietness” would ever flow from the “wells of salvation”—how perfect the picture would have been! But, alas! this was no watch-tower of Zion,—it was a citadel of the enemy—there, souls were deceived not warned—there, a lie never ceased upon its stone altar, and truth never entered—and there, wolves in sheep’s clothing enriched themselves at the expense of the flock. Perhaps though, even there the Spirit may have touched some lone heart, and far away from Rome’s terrific gaze he may have turned to the hill-side, and amid its rocks and deep glens, rather than in its church, have communed with his God, and found the pearl of great price. Wondrous stories of God’s converting, sanctifying, and reviving grace, will many an Alpine glen have to tell at the last day—stories of redeeming grace abounding amid nature’s glory—and it may be, that among them the scene which so rivetted our eye, and stirred up every feeling of our heart, will not be wanting in its theme for golden harps and angelic voices before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

We soon reached Ponte Grande, where we found a very comfortable little auberge, and very civil people. They gave us some delicious trout from the stream, fresh eggs,

and rich sweet milk, so we fared sumptuously. From what I have already said of the position of this little village, it may well be conceived that it does not lose in beauty when you reach it. Nor does it. The Anza is here confined within very narrow limits, and frets and fumes accordingly. The village stands, however, sufficiently high above it to laugh at its fierce emotion. In one part it seems to overhang the boiling stream beneath, which makes a prodigious noise as it rushes through the gorge. Then you command a glorious view of the valley below and the valley above you, while the jutting promontory of mountain, which comes down to the water's edge on the other side, and which divides the two upper branches of the valley, carries the eye off in a direction in which, just as every variety of hill and dale appears, they yet vanish as it were round the corner near you in such a manner, as to make you feel that you have only to step across the river to enlarge immeasurably the prospect. This is indeed the peculiar characteristic of the Val Anzasca. It seems all within reach in one sense, and yet it gives you the vivid impression of great extent.

We again proceeded on our way ; every turn in the path bringing out new views of the valley. We passed many little straggling villages, with narrow picturesque-looking streets, and fearfully dirty houses and people. The most considerable of them is Vanzone. The view from the terrace in front of the church is particularly fine, and there a magnificent tree, of itself an object worthy of remark, refreshes the traveller with its grateful shade. A little

farther on, we reached another little village, called Capo-Morelli, where there is a neat looking church, and near it a singularly offensive *bone-house*. These interesting treasures are to be found in many places in this valley, but at Capo-Morelli the house presents itself before the eye of the traveller with most impertinent and disgusting prominence. You are indeed obliged as you pass to look in at the large grating, and see an immense pile of skulls ranged on shelves and in every kind of heap, grinning their ghastly smile upon you, having that mocking expression which is neither honourable for the dead nor civil to the living. And here, too, there was a strange peculiarity which distinguished this bone-house from others. A considerable number of the skulls were painted black, and some had black square-cornered caps on ; and what think you was meant by this ? These skulls belonged to the *priests* when living ! I fear the moral left on my friend's mind and my own was the very reverse of what the living exhibitors of this wretched show intended, for we could not help thinking there was more truth apparent in the bone-house than in the neighbouring mass-house, inasmuch as between Popish clergy and Popish laity, the former without doubt are the blacker of the two.

We found a large number of wild cherry-trees in different parts of the valley, and Tairraz handed us one or two branches on which the little black ripe fruit was clustering. We assuredly did not refuse the refreshment. And now as we got higher up the valley, the walnut trees ceased, and we were manifestly attaining a very considerable elevation.

Presently we came to one of the most remarkable parts of it. The upper portion of the Val Anzasca, which I have mentioned as lying above Ponte Grande, and through which we were walking, seems abruptly closed at the head by an immense mass of rock which rises rapidly, and in some places precipitously, from the valley beneath. Indeed it may be said really to terminate here, for the valley higher up takes the name more generally of Pestarena. You advance directly in the face of this great frowning frontier; the path then turns suddenly away to the right, and by a neat stone-bridge you pass the Anza, and again turning rapidly to the left, and skirting the base of the rocky barrier I have mentioned for a little way, you find yourself scaling its side by a rude mountain path, which winds among bushes and rocks and stones, till, after a little toiling and hard breathing, you reach the level of the valley above. Nothing can be conceived more interesting than these sudden and great changes of level in such scenery as that I am describing. The commanding view which you get at once of all you have left behind, and the way by which you have been walking, is delightful, and then the excitement is great, of looking out round every crag as you approach it, or from the midst of every little clump of brush-wood, to see what sort of ground you have reached.

Shortly after gaining the higher level, just as if on purpose to refresh the traveller, there is a considerable stretch of the most beautiful greensward, with several drooping trees here and there over it, affording delightful shade. Can anything exceed the luxury of finding yourself walk-

ing on soft cool turf, after having had your feet sorely punished with hard and stony paths? Well, smooth paths in this world would not be good for us, if there were nothing else; but when they *do* come after the rough ones, they are pleasant indeed. We were now on the right bank of the river, and after winding round a shoulder of the hill, we again crossed the stream, and another half hour's walk brought us to Pestarena, where our quarters were to be for the night.

We had intended to press on to Macugnaga, which is about three miles further up, as being the best starting place for our proposed walk on the following day, but we heard such a miserable report of the inn there, that we thought it better to stop short at Pestarena, where, though the inn is poor, yet it was on the whole marvellously comfortable, and certainly nothing could exceed the civility of the people. Our beds, too, were clean; and though the chief part of the stuffing was straw, we had nothing to say against them, if I may except the first night of our stay, when by some mischance, they had made up my friend's bed so unequally, that he spent a great part of the night in a painful attempt to keep himself from rolling out upon the floor. Nevertheless to my eye, the slope of his bed from the wall downwards, was very picturesque! If, however, my friend had his grievance at night, I had mine by day. I had not quite recovered from the effects of the illness from which I had recently suffered, and my appetite was not of that hearty character which befits mountain air, and especially an Italian inn among the Alps. The poor people

had scarcely anything to offer us, beyond bread and butter, but chickens and eggs. Chickens and eggs ! I hear some one exclaim, why that seems to be the very best possible provision for an invalid. Very true, generally speaking ; but unfortunately for me, there is a peculiar Alpine plant, the seeds of which at a certain season of the year are very tempting to the chicken race, and of which they eat unsparingly. Now, this food gives both to the meat of the chicken and of the egg the most unpleasant flavour that can well be conceived—a faint garlic taste. Once trying it was sufficient. I could not look at them again without loathing. And it would have gone rather hard with me, on the second day, if I had not lighted on a chamois hunter, who sold me some tablets of very tolerable chocolate, which I munched with very great satisfaction.

We were early on foot yesterday morning for our walk up Monte Moro. It had been originally our determination to cross the ridge of the Moro down into the valley of Saas, and so on to the valley of the Rhone ; but as by this plan we should have missed a considerable portion of the Simplon Pass, even if we had gone from Vogogna to the Hospice and back again, we resolved to gain the height of the Moro, and then return down the valley again. We were again favoured by most delightful weather, and we started in great spirits. Our party, however, had become enlarged without our knowledge or consent. There lodged at the inn two very fair specimens of the Sardinian preventive service, two strong, active fellows, with something like uniform, and unmistakable appliances, all ready for a good

long shot. When we left the door of the inn, we soon discerned that our two friends, having nothing particular to do, had thought it would be very pleasant to accompany us in our walk, and they, it seems, wished to show both our guide and ourselves what they considered a shorter path up the hill than by the more ordinary one which ascends from the village of Macugnaga. Neither Macdonald nor I cared very much for this addition to our "following" or "tail," as we both liked as little company as possible among the wild solitudes of the hills. Nevertheless we submitted to the infliction. Once or twice I thought, as we passed some peasants on the road, with one of our doganiers before and the other behind us, that we must have appeared very much like a pair of contrabandists, who were walked off to *durance-vile* for smuggling.

After ascending the valley by the side of the stream for some time, we at length came in sight of the immense basin in the hills in which lies the scattered hamlet of Macugnaga. This is a truly grand sight. The great steepes of Monte Rosa spring up from the vast tract of meadow-land which lies in brightest verdure at their feet. Dotted over the latter are the chalets of the peasantry, and a white staring church near the centre. Up among the recesses of the hills appear enormous glaciers, and above all, the eternal snow. Our path did not lie through this extensive flat, but keeping it to the left, we at once struck up the steep side of the Monte Moro. In order that my description of this walk may be understood, let me just remark that Monte Rosa is not *one* peak, but a group of

lofty tops and ridges of mountain. These take very much the form of the algebraic sign +, and in each of these right angles thus formed, the stupendous rocks of the lofty ridge above, sweep down into the valleys beneath in tremendous corries, the beds of innumerable glaciers. The valley of Macugnaga lies at the base of that corrie which descends from the north-east corner, while the slopes of the Monte Moro ascend from the same valley, but opposite, and as it were closing in this north-east recess of Monte Rosa. It may be well supposed, then, that in scaling the steeps of the Moro, the traveller must command one of the grandest views which can be conceived of this prodigious group in the chain of the Alps, the highest part of which is not less than 15,158 feet above the level of the sea.

There was this peculiarity also in our ascent of the Moro, which made our views from it all the more interesting and grand. It is very steep, so that you manifestly gain a great deal of height in a few steps, and yet never appear to be receding from the vast and wondrous hollow in the mountain range. We climbed away very diligently and steadily. It was a mistake, however, endeavouring to take a shorter route, inasmuch as the actual toil was much more severe—some parts of the way being so exceedingly steep, as to be barely practicable even for practised mountaineers—then at one place our volunteer guide fairly brought us to a stand-still, from whence we made our escape with great difficulty and some peril ; while at another we found to our disgust he had so completely lost himself, that we were obliged to take a considerable *détour*, and so add very much

to our toil and fatigue. We rested once or twice by the way, and truly the wild desolation of the scene surrounding us was most striking, and not the less so from its great contrast to the rich luxuriance of the valley through which we had walked the day before. The first part of our climb was on the whole the steepest and most difficult, then came a more easy slope, although still very steep, and then at length, before the summit of the ridge could be gained, we had another stiff bit to overcome. It was difficult, in the heat which oppressed us during the whole walk, to refrain from satisfying our thirst at the ice-cold streams which now were flowing on every side of us. Our guide drank of them freely, assuring us that snow-water was quite safe and excellent in its way, and if we might credit him, all the spas in Germany ought to be deserted, and the patients be found quaffing *cool* potations under the lee of the glaciers ! He was, however, on that day a bad example of his medical theory, for he became very unwell, and sorely against his better judgment, he was obliged to have recourse to my little medicine case. As for myself, I did not taste any liquid during the whole walk to the top. I have by long experience known the importance of this rule. If you begin to drink, when hot and thirsty, with real difficult climbing before you, the craving for more increases, while if you again and again taste the tempting draught, you very soon discover that it enfeebles and impairs your powers of endurance.

On then we pressed, till at length we reached the snow, and the last steep ascent to the summit was to be sur-

mounted. The snow was very soft, so that in a great many parts my foot sank deeply into it, and thus the effort of climbing became very much increased. At one time, from the extreme cold, and from the constant exertion necessary in dragging my feet out of the holes they made in the snow, I felt an unpleasant threatening of cramp. I fought resolutely with it, however, and for every time I drew my feet out, I gave them, despite the pain, a good stretch down the next step, and so gradually the tendency disappeared. There was one part of the ascent, however, that I shall never forget—just before we reached the highest part of the pass—it was in fact the last climb. The whole way up we had not been refreshed with a single breath of air. What there was of it was blowing from the other side of the hill, and so we could not expect to have any benefit from it till we gained the top. Well, this last scramble was up an exceedingly steep incline of snow. I am afraid to hazard an assertion as to its great inclination, but I am quite sure I should not have ventured up an equally steep side of an ordinary hill. The sinking of the feet into the snow enables you to make as you go a sort of staircase for your feet, so that you can attempt such a slope as, without snow, would be impracticable. The sun was now at his height in the heavens, and without a single shadow of a cloud, he poured his full flood of light and heat down upon the snow, almost perpendicularly. The effect of this may be better conceived than described. The heat striking directly on the head was as nothing in comparison of the stifling heat and dazzling glare, which were

reflected back from the snow right into the face. It was most overcoming. I felt at one and the same moment as if my feet were at the North Pole and my head at the Equator. How I drank in the first breath of ice-cold air which met us, as at length we gained the summit! And then, to be sure, we had leisure and inclination to look round and mark the scene which disclosed itself before us. Up to this time our plodding through the snow had kept our attention pretty much fixed on the mere exertion needful for the ascent. But now we could calmly gaze, after the toil was over, upon the wonders which surrounded us. First, as we gained the summit, the valley of Saas opened gloomily and darkly before us, as wild and desolate a region as the most ardent lover of such scenery could desire. Then as we turned to look in the direction whence we had come, we were struck dumb with amazement. High as we were, still towering above us thousands of feet, were the rocks of Monte Rosa, with their snowy drapery, while again thousands of feet below us, lay clearly defined and laid out the bright green plain of Macugnaga. The gigantic proportions of the hills surrounding it were now clearly seen, while again, though we had scaled to such a height, we only appeared to have reached a point from which we could descry the towering masses and pointed summits of mountains on every side, as they looked down upon us. The opening of the valley also down towards Anzasca was exquisitely beautiful, and an effect produced by the clouds at the time was very striking. We had hardly noticed the beautiful view in that direction, as affording

almost the only contrast to the terrible sterility of all around, when a dense white cloud rapidly spread itself out, and completely concealed all that ere now shone up with such a bright look on us. And so we were left to gaze on nothing but wildness, barrenness, desolation, driving clouds, and perpetual snows.

A single sentence will suffice to show the enormous proportions of the leading features in this scene of extraordinary grandeur. The arena in which Macugnaga lies is itself 4369 feet above the level of the sea. Monte Moro, which forms part of the mighty amphitheatre surrounding it, is not less than 9641, while towering above all is Monte Rosa with an elevation of 15,158 feet !

Our party on the top of Monte Moro was enlarged by the addition of a Chamois hunter and his brother, whom we met there. The former was a very fine, active fellow, with extraordinary freedom in all his movements, and a wonderful agility which, from time to time, he displayed on descending the hill, by taking tremendous leaps—appearing hardly to care from whence he leaped, or where he alighted. After remaining for about half an hour on the summit, we began to retrace our steps, which is a very different thing on a steep hill-side, from the mounting up ; and yet I have no hesitation in saying, that it is by far the most fatiguing. You are conscious of the *exertion* you make in ascending a long hill, and so, ever and anon, you are obliged to stop and recover your breath, but on the descent, without being conscious of making hardly any exertion, the jolting which the whole body sustains, far more

rapidly wears out its powers of endurance. We made several attempts at a *glissade*, like what I had practised with such success on the Col de la Seigne, but in consequence of the heat of the day, the surface of the snow had become too soft, and the feet sank so much in it, that it was not practicable. We did get a slide of a few yards, now and then, but that was all. On the other hand, from the state of the snow, we were exposed to several awkward tumbles and amusing scrapes. At one time, in lifting the foot out of a deep step in the snow, you tripped, and off you went prone upon your nose for a yard or two—at another, the heels took precedence of the body, and down you went a little way foot foremost,—sometimes you plumped down into some soft snow, nearly up to the middle—at others a foot disappeared, in such a manner as to make you wonder whether you had more than one left, and at any rate imposed on you no slight task to recover the missing member. It is among the snow that the Alpenstock, with its sharp iron spike, does the traveller such good service. It acts as his gauge wherewith to test places of which he is not quite sure, and it steadies all his movements, while he is either labouring up or slipping down the smooth white slopes. We did not return by exactly the same route as we ascended, but holding more to the south, we soon entered into an extensive pine forest, and so, by a steep winding path, we reached at length the plain of Macugnaga, without encountering the same difficulties by the way, which would have proved more trying to the nerves in descending than they were in going up. We

reached our little auberge about five o'clock, and made ourselves comfortable for the night.

About eight o'clock this morning, we began our return by the Val Anzasca. We were even more delighted with it as we retraced our steps downwards, than we had been as we were going up. When we came to Castiglione, we found our car all ready for us, and the imp with the blue blouse, looking perfectly satisfied with himself, his pony, and his chariot, and with a sort of sinister leer in his face, that augured painfully to me of approaching dislocation. Again, then, we were seated in our car. Our charioteer fastened a great wooden sabot on one of the hind wheels—a block of wood more than two feet long, a foot wide, and half a foot thick, and then bouncing into his seat with something between a whoop and a yell, he set off at a pace which, at certain turns of the road, and with the frail machine and harness, which held the horse and us together, brought us so near the edge, as to be anything but satisfactory. The urchin was now quite in his element, he cracked his whip and shouted to his pony, and his delight seemed to rise in proportion to our swaying, first so near a rock as almost to graze it, and then swinging to the very edge of a precipice, so as to get a pleasant bird's-eye view down into the depths beneath. But nothing is certain under the sun, and so he found ; for as his glee and self-importance increased, and his whip, in its motions, gratified the pride of his heart, it was suddenly caught in a part of one of the wheels, swiftly strained round the axle, and then suddenly snapped off at the upper end of the thong. The elfin

visage fell, and for the rest of the journey his spirits were less boisterous, and his driving less like that of Jehu.

After dining in the auberge at Vogogna, where, by the way, the people were very civil, and where really comfortable quarters may be had, we started for this place. It is but one post from Vogogna to Domo d'Ossola. To our great amusement, though we had a very respectable-looking voiture, with two nice-looking horses, our old friend with the blouse was still the favoured postilion, and sure enough he mounted his box with the same mocking, restless look about the eye, and his mangled whip restored to its former condition, and ready to go off in its volleys of pistol-shots to the honour of its master and the delight of the small urchins of the narrow streets in the villages through which we drove. There is nothing very remarkable in the scenery of the valley through which we came this evening. The hills on either side are beginning to draw together, as we approach the pass of the Simplon. Several very picturesque houses, and churches, and towers, give animation and beauty to it, and the situation of Domo d'Ossola itself is very pretty. From the uncontrollable fury of the Toccia, however, a great deal of the valley is either covered with gravel or converted into swamp, which gives it a very unhealthy and uninviting aspect. The inhabitants seem well aware, by experience, of the danger of dwelling low down in the flat. We saw several ruins of houses in the plain, but none inhabited. Those that were so, were all dotted on the beautifully clothed slopes of the hills, apparently out of reach of the malaria, and other bad influences of the valley.

We found very nice rooms awaiting us in the Ancienne Poste of this little town. To those who have travelled in Italy, in the heat of summer, the comfort of large and very lofty rooms is well known. These we have here are spacious, with plenty of windows opening on more sides than one, and so always securing a delicious coolness. I trust we feel really grateful to our gracious Father for his kind care for us in our going out and coming in.

12th July.—Another Sabbath without any possibility of attending on public means of grace. We were anxious, however, not to let the day pass by unimproved—and we knew well, that God is not a “God confined to temples made with hands,” but, on the contrary, that his delight is to “look” to the man that is “humble, and contrite, and that trembleth at his word.” Early in the morning, therefore, my dear friend wrote a short notice, to the effect that we proposed, God willing, to have service in our *salon*, at eleven o’clock, and inviting any one who might be able and willing to attend. We sent this notice to the proprietor of the hotel where we were, and also to the rival hotel in the town, with the request that it might be shewn to any English families or persons who might be staying in the one or the other. The result of our invitation was, the discovery that there were but two large families of strangers, who had arrived on Saturday evening, like ourselves—the one of them, alas ! a large English party consisting of a father and mother, and several children, had already, before our notice reached the hotel where they had rested for the night, started on their journey across the Simplon—thus

grievously breaking God's law—seeking their own pleasure on his holy day—and setting an evil example to the poor ignorant people among whom they were, for a season, as strangers. Alas, for the shame and dishonour thus done to God! No wonder if Papists are slow to believe that there is anything better in Protestantism than in their own superstition. When they see similar fruits borne by the former as by the latter, they may well laugh to scorn all claim put forth to the possession of a nobler faith and a purer worship.

The other large family to which I refer were in the same hotel with ourselves, and were Americans from New York. *They* had not left their religion at home, nor had they become so contaminated with some European habits, as to reverse their experience that there is no greater blessing, no sweeter refreshment than a calm, quiet Sabbath-day. They were remaining at Domo d'Ossola, because they did not choose to travel on the Lord's-day, so they eagerly and gladly accepted our invitation, and at the hour appointed, they, both old and young, together with their servants, assembled in our room. I have conducted the devotions of a larger congregation, and preached to a very much more numerous one, but I have seldom enjoyed so much real delight in the "assembling of ourselves together." It was a peaceful happy season when the presence of the Master was not withheld, and when we were permitted in some measure at least to realize the precious truth, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant." In conversing

with our American friends before they left us, we were rejoiced to find them truly pious—and, as we trust and hope, heartily seeking the things which belong to their everlasting peace. They thanked us over and over again for our kindness, as they considered it, in inviting them to join us, and gratefully assured us, that they had been looking forward with emotions of sadness and pain to spending their Sabbath apart from communion with God's people, while on the contrary their spirits had been refreshed, strengthened, and comforted, by this unexpected fellowship in the gospel. So it is ;—our Master knows when to open rivers in dry places, and streams in the desert—he turns many an Achor into a door of hope—he makes many an “iron gate” lead *out* of prison, instead of *into* it, and he never speaks so “comfortably,” as when he “lures us into the wilderness.” There is something unutterably sweet in the union of a few hearts in solemn acts of devotion, and in reading God's own word together, while strangers in a strange land. It is Zion's song without its sadness—it is Zion's melody in each tuneful heart, not thrilling with despair, because of Jerusalem captive and destroyed, but full of heavenly hope towards the “Jerusalem which is above,” whose “walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise.”

Shortly after our friends left us, we were drawn to the window by the noise of a great trampling of feet, and when we looked out, we saw a long procession of men and women headed by a corps of priests, with crucifixes, and crosses, and bells, and books, and candles. Slowly they all passed by, the men walking with their heads uncovered,

and all looking as if they were going on some pilgrimage. We afterwards found out, that they were proceeding to what is called a Calvary. This is a steep winding path up an eminence in the neighbourhood,—at three or four turns of which there are little oratories, in which different portions of our Lord's sufferings are represented by pictures and figures, ending in the crucifixion. At each of these stations the poor votaries kneel and cross themselves, and patter over their *Ave Marias*—and so pass on. And this is their religion! This is their service of God! This is having fellowship with Christ in suffering! Miserable delusion it is in them—foul dishonour it is to God—terrible responsibility too resting on those lying prophets and blind guides who “commit such wonderful and horrible things in the land.”

By the way, while referring to this Calvary, I may just mention, that as Macdonald and I walked out for an hour in the evening to get a breath of fresh air, we looked in through the grating at one of these stations. The scene represented by groups of figures, as large as life, was the Saviour fainting under the weight of the cross, with the malefactors before him, surrounded by the Roman soldiery. We both agreed, that putting aside the odious purpose for which the whole thing was got up, we never witnessed anything so wonderfully and even painfully life-like as the figures of the malefactors and those around them. It was a marvellous specimen of the almost universal genius in Italy for art, desecrated, alas! to the most deplorable ends.

Early this morning we left Domo d'Ossola for our day's

journey across the Simplon. After reaching a little village called Crevola, the road turns rapidly to the left, leaving the valley and the stream of the Toccia, and crossing the stream of the Vedra or Doveria. The ascent of the Simplon road from Italy may be said to commence here. When we had passed along two galleries cut through the solid rock, we drove up to Isella, a small village with a custom-house on the Sardinian frontier. After changing our horses at Isella, we again started, and were not long before we came in front of the rugged grandeur of the pass. Tremendous mountains rose on every side of us—and the Vedra foamed away beneath. The novelty to me here was, that we were travelling in a comfortable carriage, along a smooth and well-made road, in the very midst of such a terrific defile. Shortly after leaving Isella, it appeared to us, as we looked on, to be utterly impossible that a road could penetrate the pass. The hills not only flanked us on either side with their rugged and scarped sides, but they seemed to close in before us, not as I had often seen in narrow ravines before, sloping *down* as if to meet, but rising higher and higher as they approached, so giving you the certain impression, that a boundary wall rose in front which could never be scaled. Suddenly the road turned the point of rather a sharp edge of the hill, and then one of the grandest views we had yet witnessed burst upon us. The mighty mass of mountain before us shewed one narrow opening, but not a foot wider than to admit of the boiling waters of the Vedra, which rushed out from the hidden depths beyond with surpassing fury, as if the spirit of the waters, chafed

and roused at a threatened barrier, had put forth all his power, and recklessly laid the reins on the necks of his ungovernable steeds. When the eye grew accustomed to this elemental strife, it then rested on a dark arch in the wall of rock on the side of the river by which we were travelling. This was the entrance into the famous gallery of Gondo—measuring nearly 600 feet, cut through the hardest granite. Scarcely had we time to recover from the surprise of the view as it broke on us, when we found ourselves approaching the entrance of the gallery. The nearer we came, the horrors of the scene increased. The noise and tumult of the angry Vedra as it roared through the pass, seemed to be caught up and answered by some kindred spirit of “the mountain and the flood” to the right. The din became perfectly deafening, just as the road turns to enter the gallery, and we drove over a massive stone bridge, while close to our right there leaped down some hundreds of feet the foaming torrent of the Frascinnone ; so near indeed it appeared, that we wondered it did not dash over the road.

The scene here is indeed overpoweringly grand and sublime. The dark depths below you, with the unimprisoned Vedra exulting in its freedom—the gloomy archway before you, leading you know not whither—the black and frowning precipices on every side, which leave but a patch of blue sky overhead, as the small and solitary contrast to the ruggedness of all below—and then the roaring waterfall at your side, with its white foam rushing away beneath you, and through the riven rocks of whose course you can, as you look up, descry at about a mile’s distance beyond and

above among other rocks and precipices, another dashing cascade of the same wild torrent—these altogether form a picture which baffles all that imagination can conceive of the terrific and the sublime in nature. It is in the midst of such a scene as this, that with the drooping consciousness of man's condition so poor and weak, that "his stock shall not take root in the earth, that the wind shall blow upon him, and he shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take him away as stubble,"—it is at such a moment that the soul is lifted by these terrible steps of the great "foot-stool" of Omnipotence, to Him who, above all, and in all, and through all, causes his mighty voice to be heard, "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him?"

The change from the noise and tumult at the entrance to the stillness of the interior of the gallery is very singular. After traversing its length, and gazing out as we passed at the openings in the side, which let in a little light, and from which you can look down to the torrent below, we emerged at the other end, and after passing through another smaller gallery, the valley widened considerably on either side, and the road taking a long sweep away to the left, and then turning back at a very sharp angle to the right, we found ourselves at length at the little village of Simplon, where we were set down at a very comfortable inn, and where, as

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we were concluding our dinner, we were overtaken by our American friends, who had followed in our track from Domo d'Ossola. Starting after dinner, we found the road still ascending, though very gradually, through a highland valley of great extent, with the lofty summits of the snow-clad Alps on every side, and numerous glaciers of every form. At length we gained the culminating point of the pass, close by the new Hospice, where a community of monks reside, somewhat similar to those on the Great St. Bernard. All here was on a gigantic scale, wild, grand, and desolate. And now, turning the edge of the hill, we suddenly came into sight of the valley down which we were to drive, in order to reach the valley of the Rhone. This portion of the road has always been very dangerous, from the frequency of the avalanches which are ever occurring. As you look up to the right, you are at once aware of the imminent peril which continually threatens. The mountains shelve very rapidly down from their summits, and yet there ever linger on their slopes, enormous glaciers. As you look, you feel that the least concussion of a thunder-storm, or even the rumble of a Diligence, or the heat of a summer day, or a heavy storm of rain, might loosen immense fragments of ice, and bring them down with resistless force into the valley. To guard as much as possible against the frequent recurrence of these slips of ice, the most exposed portions of the road are protected by very massive archways, the upper parts of which are so sloped away from the higher side of the road to the lower, that when the avalanche bursts forth, it rushes clear over the road into

the depths beneath. One of these artificial galleries is particularly curious and interesting, occupying an angle in the hill of about 120 degrees, and over the middle of it there dashes down an angry mountain stream, clearly indicating the probable pathway of an avalanche; and so under this stream you drive.

The whole view down the valley is most interesting. The side of the mountain range is much more steep than that towards Italy, and yet the road is so admirably engineered, that, on the whole, there is less actual ascent perceptible, the gradients are so small. As it sweeps round the hollow of the hill, towards the gallery I have just described, the scene which opens below is very beautiful. The wild rugged grandeur of the upper part is succeeded by pine-forests, which again yield to all the varied and lovely tokens of a more genial clime and successful industry. And then as the hills recede a little from each other at the lower extremity of the valley, the Rhone is seen winding his way across the opening thus made, while in the very middle, and appearing wondrously near, and beneath you, the little sparkling and cheerful-looking town of Brieg, which was to be our quarters for the night. It may aid one who has never been in this pass to understand somewhat of its character, when I say, that although Brieg could not be much more than three and a half or four miles from the spot whence we first saw it, as the crow flies, it was nevertheless fully sixteen miles by the road. It may well be supposed that with such a road as this, we enjoyed an endless variety of the most glorious views both

up and down and across the valley till we arrived at Brieg. And so at length we have returned to the valley of the Rhone, having left it three weeks ago at Martigny, about fifty miles farther down the river, and are again lodged among the inhabitants of free and happy Switzerland.

15th July.—We this morning made proof of the inconvenience of a Government monopoly. All posting in Switzerland is of this character. We had travelled post over the Simplon, but on arriving at Brieg we had determined to get a voiture and a pair of horses; this latter mode of travelling being decidedly the best in Switzerland, the carriages being generally very comfortable, and the horses tolerably good. We therefore ordered our voiture. To our dismay, however, the poor voiturier came and said it was impossible for him to take us, as he would thereby subject himself to a fine of five Napoleons. The truth is, in order to promote *posting*, the Government have made the very absurd, inconvenient, and most despotic law, that if you arrive at any posting station with post-horses, you must take your choice of these alternatives,—you must either proceed with post-horses, or you must remain in the same place for forty-eight hours!! This was our choice this morning, the unfortunate charioteer having as little liberty of action in the matter as ourselves, so that we were obliged to use a post-carriage as far as we intended to proceed on the post-road. This important point being at length settled, though it must be confessed neither to my friend's satisfaction nor my own, we started after breakfast down the valley of the Rhone. There is nothing at all interest-

ing or striking in that portion of it through which we drove this morning, that is, from Brieg down to Leuk. The river in its straggling course has made the greater part of the valley bare, sterile, and unattractive; while the hills on either side are not such as to make up in any measure for what is lacking in the valley between them. Our first change of horses was at Visp or Viège, from whence there is a good mule-path up the valley of Saas to Zermatt, and by which also you can reach Monte Moro, which we ascended from the Italian side. Our next halting place was Tourtemagne, where we dined. We strolled out before dinner to a wood about half a mile from the village, and found a really grand waterfall—the height was very considerable—the basin into which it plunged was large and gloomy, and an immense volume of water was tumbling over a ledge of rock into it. The waterfalls in Switzerland are so numerous, however, and many of them on so large a scale, that it requires something out of the ordinary character to call forth special attention.

We were able to change our posting-carriage at Tourtemagne for a voiture, as we were to leave the post-road about a couple of miles lower down the valley. Here there is a bridge across the Rhone, and by it we reached Leuk, which is on the right bank of the Rhone. We drove through the village, and began our ascent of the valley at the back. Formerly there was nothing but a mule-path, and that very steep; but now, in consequence of the baths at the head of the valley having become very much frequented, an excellent and pleasant carriage-road goes up the whole length

with a very gradual and easy ascent. This road is indeed one of the wonders of Switzerland, and apart from the real beauties of the valley itself, ought to be visited by travellers, even if by so doing they deviate a little from their route. The well-known Swiss skill in overcoming great difficulties, and turning everything within reach to account, and the high finish of their work, are apparent throughout. As we began the ascent, and the road overhung for some distance the valley of the Rhone, we caught a view now and then of the peaks of the Diableret and the Dent de Midi ; but all was soon lost in a dark and threatening thunder-storm which was gathering in that direction, and of which we heard the distant mutterings. We were speedily in the deep recesses of the valley above Leuk, though it is, after all, much more of a gorge in the hills than a valley, and as such, it may well be conceived that the strange and unexpected turns of the road must be very curious and interesting, at one time seeming to approach to the very edge of a precipice, at another, plunging into the narrowest part of the ravine. About seven o'clock we arrived at the baths of Leuk, where we were to stay the night.

Formerly there used to be but a few scattered chalets over the beautiful green pasture-land which lies at the head of this valley, nearly encircled by some hills of the Bernese Oberland ; but the warm mineral springs which abound here, obtained such celebrity, as to draw many invalids thither, and, of course, as a necessary consequence, this led to the establishment of hotels, &c. I think there are five or six hotels here all more or less good, some of

them capable of affording considerable accommodation—that at which we have put up, the Hôtel des Alpes, being very extensive. When we arrived we found it difficult to procure suitable quarters for the night, so numerous were the parties who had repaired to the springs of the valley to renovate their health. As we drove into the village, on the outskirts of which these hotels are situated, we passed the village fountain, which being supplied by the hot springs, was steaming up as if it had been heated to the boiling-point in an immense cauldron. We had heard a good deal of the bathing, but it was all over by the time we arrived, and this evening all that we saw was a number of pallid, queer-looking, well-scoured faces of the bathers, who were most diligently promenading up and down the long corridors of the hotel. We are to start early to-morrow morning across the Gemmi, but the waiters tell us, that as the bathers are very early at their interesting amusement, we may have an opportunity of seeing how they manage things in this out of the way watering-place before we depart.

14th July.—We breakfasted about half-past five this morning, and then, under the guidance of the head waiter, we walked off to the large bath-room of the establishment, to see the unhappy patients boiled. Only conceive what these poor creatures have to undergo in one day? They have to sit in steaming hot water for *four* hours in the morning, and again *four* in the afternoon!! Eight hours out of the four-and-twenty spent in hot water! How they must loathe the sight of boiled meat at dinner, after such experience of the process themselves! The

room into which we were ushered was a long and tolerably lofty one. Along it there ran a broad platform, with the wall on one side, and a light railing on the other. On the other side of this railing, with a pathway between them, were two immense square trenches about eight feet deep. The water was kept at about a level of four feet and a half, and in these there sat and lounged some thirty human beings, about an equal number in each. All were arrayed in flowing robes of goodly dimensions, and large capes—the sides of the baths were provided with benches—on these they sat, with a number of little wooden trays floating about, some gravely reading the newspaper—others smoking—some with coffee and rolls—others playing drafts. In fact it was the coffee-room of the hotel under water!! I never saw such a scene in my life—there they were gabbling away to each other, and moving about from one place to another, causing as they did so a miniature tempest in the bath, and giving a rolling pitching motion to the coffee-trays, &c. ; and all the while the hot steaming water sweltering about them. We were thoroughly disgusted. The sight of all these people, clean and unclean, boiling together in the same pot, and that for eight hours a day, was suggestive of anything but health. On inquiry we found that only one English family had been there before us this season, and we hope that they had not done more than look on. Italians, French, and Swiss, are the great patronizers of these baths, and so we saw this morning all sorts of hairy faces, red, brown, and black, looking wofully lanky in the vapour of this pleasant sitting-room.

We were glad to get out of the hot, moist atmosphere, and pushed on in the cool of the morning for the Gemmi, having hired a mule for the transport of our baggage. This pass is assuredly one of the most remarkable and singular that can be imagined. It is quite impossible to convey anything like an adequate idea of it. After leaving the baths, you approach the base of an enormous precipice of rock. It is not here, as in other passes, that your eye is deceived at a distance, and then when you come near you discover that what appeared to be one surface, is in fact a divided one, and your path winds between them accordingly. There is nothing of this kind at the Gemmi. The immense rock fronts you. Its lofty crags rise right up, and in some places really overhang the depths below, and it is *up* that rock your path lies. When you reach the base, you find that with wonderful ingenuity, a narrow path has been formed in a kind of zigzag on the very face of the rock, and by this you ascend. Your astonishment increases as you mount upwards. Its length may be conceived when I say that it took us between two and three good hours' walking from the baths to the summit. And some notion of its extraordinary character may be formed, when I add, that at some of the sharp turns, when a mule is on the path, the tail of the animal hangs over a depth of hundreds of feet! It was very strange and exciting to us. Its perfect novelty, differing from everything else we had ever met with before in any country, combined with its wild and 'savage aspect, made an indelible impression on our minds.

When we gained the summit of the pass, the view was

very fine—we now stood on the ridge of the great Bernese Oberland, and while everything in our immediate neighbourhood recalled what we had witnessed in other passes, of rock, and snow, and glacier, we from this point had the special advantage of being able to look across the valley of the Rhone, and descry a very extensive portion of the high Alps, with several of their sparkling peaks. A walk of two hours and a half brought us down to Kandersteg, through a wild and beautiful mountain pass, with some grand views, of the Blumlis Alp on the right. After a hasty dinner, and a charming drive down the valley of Frutigen, we again found ourselves exactly where we had been a month previous—at the entrance of the Simmenthal—and we were not long before we rattled up to our old quarters at the Hôtel de Bellevue at Thun. Leaving my friend to follow, I walked on to my own summer home. None there expected me back so soon. When I got to my own door, the sound of a pair of huge hobnailed shoes on the round stones, made one of the servants fancy I was a beggarman, and I nearly got treated to a large mess of scraps by mistake. However, I took one and all of my dear ones by surprise—and it was so happy that I do not mean to say anything about it.

CHAPTER X.

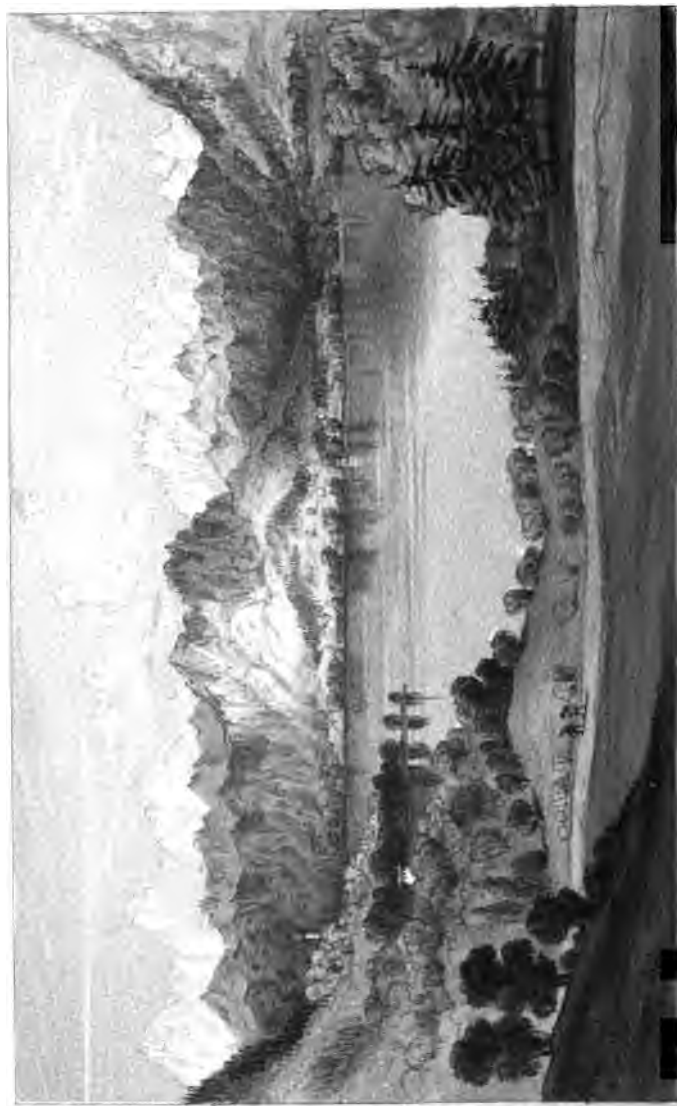
THUN—LUCERNE—ST. GOTHARD—MILAN—VERONA—VENICE—PADUA—
FERRARA—BOLOGNA—FLORENCE—LUCCA—PISA—LEGHORN—GENOA—
MILAN—SPLÜGEN—WALLENSTADT—ZÜRICH.

July.

MY friend Mr. Macdonald being obliged to return home, I had intended to remain at Thun for the rest of the season, merely taking an excursion now and then to some of the most interesting parts of the Bernese Oberland. The weather, however, has become very much broken, nor does it seem to give any promise of a change for the better. To attempt long walks among the hills with but a slender hope of seeing them only once or twice in the week, is more than my enthusiasm can encounter—nor do I feel sufficiently recovered from the slight illness I had in Italy to be able to undergo much fatigue. The exceeding humidity of the climate, however, having begun to tell unfavourably upon me, I have come to the resolution of taking another month's tour into Italy, though of necessity I must travel alone.

I find Thun very different from what it was a month ago. Then the tide of English travellers was beginning to set in steadily—but now there is a perfect throng of them. I have no doubt that often on Sunday there are between two and three hundred staying at the hotel and





H Drummond, del

View from Maison Dieu near Thun

Schenck & McFarlane, Lith. & Edin^g

Pensions. By the way, I must take this opportunity of alluding to the Hôtel de Bellevue. It is an admirable and well-conducted establishment,—the rooms are very clean, and many of them handsomely furnished,—the fare is always of the best, and the charges are on the whole moderate. As to the proprietor, M. Knechtenhofer, I can only say that in my experience, I never met with a more obliging and accommodating man. He never spares himself any trouble, if by so doing he can add to the comfort of his guests, and when I was absent during the last month, his attention to my family was unremitting. Since my return home, I have had the pleasure of making acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. —, who will probably reside at the hotel for several weeks. My intercourse with them has been altogether of a delightful character, and I look forward to renewing it after my return from Italy with real gratification.

There is one thing which the proprietor of the Hôtel de Bellevue has done, which entitles him to the warm thanks of all who desire the welfare in a spiritual sense of those who travel on the Continent. He has built a beautiful little chapel, at the back of the hotel, in a most lovely situation. Every summer, during the season when the stream of English travellers flows into Switzerland, he obtains the assistance of an English clergyman, so that twice on every Lord's-day there is an opportunity afforded to the large number of our countrymen and countrywomen who may happen to be in this quarter, of "assembling themselves together." This year, we are highly favoured

by the acceptance of this interesting post by my dear and excellent friend, the Rev. C. Hall of Bath. I have been privileged to enjoy much of his society in private, and I do from my heart thank God for his faithful preaching of "Christ crucified" to which I have listened in public. There is but one feeling here, and that is of gratitude for the presence among us of so able and devoted a servant of Christ. I am quite sure his labour in the little chapel has been blessed—and who can tell how many careless ones may have been led to think, and how many sad hearts to rejoice under his plain and searching ministry !

Once more, then, I am on the eve of departure for Italy. I have determined to take a Swiss servant with me, as I feel a good deal enfeebled, and quite unequal to the hurry and fatigue of travelling without some such assistance. May God grant me his rich blessing, and make this second tour not only a pleasant one to me, but specially, if it shall please him, make it useful to the great end to which my heart clings with a tenacity all the stronger whenever a cloud of doubt hangs over it,—that I may return in peace to my beloved flock, to minister among them in the name of my Master.

Thursday, 5th August.—On Monday morning I again left my beloved family. The road between Thun and Lucerne, which I took, does not present any such feature of interest as to demand a record here. We arrived at Lucerne between seven and eight o'clock, in the midst of a thunder-storm, so that I could form no sort of impression of the neighbourhood, the town, or the lake. Next day,

however, being one of those most favourable for lake scenery,—squalls of wind and rain, succeeded by blinks of brilliant sunshine, I saw the upper end of this lovely lake to the greatest advantage ; and in the evening, with the pale light of the moon, it lay before me trembling like quicksilver, with the frowning hills girding it on every side. I did not attempt to ascend the Righi—not so much that I felt unequal to it in point of strength or because the weather was not steady, but simply and solely, because I have no taste for the grand and the sublime in the midst of a throng of human beings. Every night, I understood, the hotel at the Righi Culm was crowded with about two hundred guests ! The idea of enjoying a fine view in the midst of such a troop, with the cracking of champagne bottles, the clattering of full plates and empty heads, was not sufficiently enticing for me—so I gave up the view, rather than encounter the hotel, and I live in the hope, that at some future time, before the periodic flood sets in, or after it has ebbed away, I may yet enjoy the view from the top of the Righi. The view of this hill on the left, from the room which I occupied in the hotel at Lucerne, is very fine, and then on the right, the grand and savage-looking Mount Pilatus, with his stern, serrated ridge rising from the water's edge, gives great force to the scene. The latter is a strange, moody, and capricious neighbour. Whenever Lucerne is to be visited with storm and tempest, the sullen giant wears a grim smile—he smoothes his wrinkled face, and clears his brow, not suffering a cloud to rest there, as if he wished to lull his victim into false security. But

if again, bright skies and lovely days are preparing for Lucerne, he angrily retires into darkness—he draws his robe about him, and appears glad to shut out from his view the smiles which he cannot prevent.

Yesterday morning, Wednesday, I started to the upper end of the lake for the pass of the St. Gothard. The steamboat left Lucerne at five o'clock. Alas! it was what is called in "the Land of the Mist" an "even-down pour." I was driven to the cabin—and all that I could see of the lake, excepting during a hurried visit at intervals to the deck, under my umbrella, was from the windows of the narrow saloon below. Nevertheless, despite of rain and lowering clouds, and every form of the dark and the dismal, I must say, I think Lucerne the very queen of lakes. The irregularity of its shape—its extent—the grandeur of its nearest hills—the glory of the snowy peaks towering beyond them—the rich verdure—the high cultivation—the wide-spreading woods—the cozy-looking cottages, altogether form a scene which can scarcely be surpassed. I would not give one little armlet of Lucerne for a dozen Comos! Arriving at Fluellen we got into the Diligence to cross the pass. We speedily reached Altorf, where it is said that William Tell made his famous shot at the apple on his son's head. In the square in the middle of the little town there is a monument to the patriot's memory—consisting of a fountain, upon which are statues of the intrepid father and his child. Here it is said he stood. The weather began now to clear a little, and after a few skirmishes between the sun, and the wind, and the rain, the

former gained the day, and shone forth brilliantly. This was indeed most cheering. After a few hours' ascent, we gained the most remarkable part of this pass—the Pont du Diable. I consider that I have been very fortunate in the *order* in which I have taken the different passes of the Alps hitherto. Each one has always possessed something more striking than the last. The Great St. Bernard, the Col de la Seigne, the Monte Moro, the Simplon, and now the St. Gothard, have done more than merely keep my ideas of Alpine grandeur at the same level. They have successively elevated all my impressions. Here at the Pont du Diable, I beheld an Alpine pass under a new feature. In the gorge of Gondo, at the Simplon, the torrent rushes down far below you, but here the raging Reuss comes leaping down in a succession of tremendous cascades before you and above you. The lower bridge from the right bank to the left seems far below the torrent, and as you approach and cross the upper, while on your right hand a precipice of rock of fearful height springs up from the boiling cauldron before you, and touches the sky above, you actually pass through a cloud of spray drifting across from the roaring cataract—not only so, but when you have reached the other side, and taken the first zigzag of the road which first carries you from the stream, and then brings you back to it again, there it meets you again, and with angry and spiteful intensity it drives its sharp, cold, damp breath in your face.

Passing the Pont du Diable, the road enters the upland vale of Urseren, about nine miles long, and one mile

broad. Here lie the villages of Andermatt and Hôpital. Numberless Alpine rambles may be taken on every side over various passes from this valley. We dined at Andermatt, and then started for the Col, or ridge of the St. Gotthard. After several hours of heavy ascent, we gained the summit. Now, however, clouds and mist enveloped us, and as we drove up to the Hospice to change horses, by the side of one or two lakes which feed the streams on both sides, with huge rocks and snow-drifts looming through the drifting storm, the *effect* of desolation was complete outside, and the comfort of railway wrappers, plaids, &c., perfect within. On descending the Italian side of the pass, the hill is much steeper than on the Swiss, and thus the difficulty of carrying the road down was very great. This difficulty has been overcome in the most remarkable manner. The road winds backwards and forwards, so sharply and so often, that it is almost painful to look down from the top, and see it completely under you for more than a mile and a half. It seems hardly possible that a carriage can get down safely, and yet when you are fairly on it, it is so skilfully contrived, the turnings so broad and level, that you trot down and round the corners all the way with the greatest ease, and without any apparent risk. After passing Airolo, we came to a remarkable and terrific rent in the hills through which the Ticino forces its way from the upper to the lower valley, and then resting at Faido for a few minutes, we reached Bellinzona late at night, and then pushed on at once by Lugano and Como to Milan, where we arrived at nine this morning, and where





H. Dammann, del.

Schöck & McFarlane, Lith. Edin'

Spiess Castle,--from near the Interlachen Road

I am again in my snug old quarters, recovering from the long journey, rejoicing at my propinquity again to the Cathedral, and feeling it wondrous strange that I should once more, and so unexpectedly, be in the land of vines and vileness—of monkery and melons.

7th August.—I left Milan last night at nine o'clock, by Malle-poste for Brescia and Verona. For the first three or four hours we were accompanied and surrounded by one of the most terrific thunder-storms I had ever witnessed. The fire seemed literally to run along the ground. And occasionally the lightning was so vivid as to make it impossible, for a second or two afterwards, to see the strong light of the large reflector-lamp we carried. We reached Brescia early this morning, but only remained for half an hour, and then pushed on to Verona. Before arriving at the latter place, the road skirts the southern extremity of the Lago di Garda, previous to its entering Peschiera. I thought the lake most beautiful. Some fine-looking hills appeared in the distance, towards the north, with a magnificent expanse of water. At the time we passed, a pretty strong breeze was blowing off the lake, giving it a gay and sparkling appearance, and refreshing us exceedingly in the early forenoon, which even then was overpoweringly hot. The country, after leaving Peschiera, appeared exceedingly rich,—vegetation very luxuriant, and a great number of splendid shrubs and flowers on every side. Indeed, I think, that for a mile or two, close by Peschiera, my dreamy notions of Italy were more realized than by anything I have yet seen. We reached Verona about mid-day. A

delightful town for a few days' residence. The Adige flows through the midst of it. There are numerous pretty villas, surrounded by little groves, and quaint-looking dropping trees of cypress here and there. Its remarkable Amphitheatre and fortifications make Verona a place of no common interest. I could only spend a few hours in it, however. There is an excellent hotel at Verona, *Le Due Torri*. Let travellers beware of inns frequented by Italians. I dined in one of the latter out of curiosity. The filth was abundant—the waiting wretched—the food like nothing else I ever saw before or after, and the charges exorbitant. Late in the afternoon we left Verona. At the gate we had an exhibition of Austrian violence towards the people of the country. A poor fellow, with a cart, was run against by the driver of my fiacre, and instantly the Austrian on duty rushed out, and without waiting for an explanation, gave him a violent blow on the chest—refused to hear a word in his defence—obliged him to draw up his horse and cart to one side, and from what I heard afterwards, I rather fear, gave him a night's imprisonment! I cannot say that I witnessed many such instances of oppression; but, alas! it makes one's heart bleed to think of a country where such an act can ever be perpetrated with impunity.

We got into the train at the station of the railway, outside the walls of Verona. Everything connected with this railway seemed admirably conducted. The potent engine breathed and snorted away, and we were not long before we dashed past Vicenza. Careering onwards through a

country covered for miles and miles with vines, festooned on trees, in every wild and fantastic form, and relieving, by their graceful drapery, what would otherwise have been formal and stiff, we glided at length into Mestre, and so to the edge of the Lagoon of St. Giuliano, on the other side of which lies Venice, that city of enchantment. Formerly the only access from the mainland was by boat, now, however, in these days of science and progress, the whole vast stretch across this Lagoon is bridged over by a viaduct, so that still at the tail of your comet, you are whisked right into the heart of what seems a city of the Arabian Nights. Do not let it be supposed that this march of railway takes off the spell which the Queen of the Waters casts around you as you enter her precincts. Far from it. At least I speak from my own experience. Nevertheless I must add, that by the time I arrived at Mestre, the sun had set, and the short twilight was all but gone. The length of the viaduct is rather more than *two* miles! so that as we shot along its narrow pathway, we seemed to be darting into the very midst of the sea. On either side was a vast expanse of water, while before us, when we could take a peep out at the windows, glancing lights were seen in a strange and unearthly manner, with here and there, evidently distinct from, and a long way apart from them, others which appeared to float upon the surface of the sea—and all this so suddenly following upon clustering vines, and luxuriant fields, that I sat enthralled. Arrived at the terminus, no doubt my dream was rather harshly broken for a few minutes, by the very ordinary

work of passports, baggage, and the various other petty details of such occasions, but it was only for a time, in order to recur more powerfully again. My Swiss servant followed me from the passport office, and whispered—"Will you go by gondola or omnibus?" "Oh, gondola, of course," I replied,—shocked at the bare idea of an *omnibus* in Venice! We gained the door of the office. Did it open on the street? No. It opened on the water! and to my infinite satisfaction, I found that the omnibus was nothing more than a huge gondola. I was quickly nestled in one of the veritable, old, hearse-looking gondolas, in a perfect glow of excitement. In a moment we were skimming along the waters of the grand canal—the lights flashing from the windows, and strange-looking houses gazing down on us from either side—here and there mysterious outlets of the grand canal appeared winding off on the right and left, with lines of houses opening and shutting as we passed. Presently we saw before us a dark and massive arch spanning the canal and studded with lamps. It is the Rialto, famed in the history of Venetian commerce, and identified with the name of Shylock. Under it we glanced like an arrow, again we turned into one of the side openings on the left, and passing between ranges of houses, that sometimes appeared to meet over-head, we at length entered a dark and gloomy reach with dead, black, sombre walls rising up on either side. Yet even in the deep shadow, we saw a still darker mass bridging over the chasm. I held my breath while we passed under the "Bridge of Sighs." Another turn and we were at the

archway of the Albergo Reale, and stepped from the gondola into the hotel.

10th July.—Yesterday I visited the Accademia delle Belle Arte, the private collection of paintings at the Manfrini Palace, and took a complete survey of the city, by sailing along almost all the main canals—out to the cemetery, and round by the public gardens. Nothing can exceed the interest of such a day's work. Everything is different from what is met with in other cities. The stillness which exists in Venice from morning till night is one of the first things which strikes the stranger with a feeling of surprise. Instead of the perpetual rumbling of wheels and clattering of horses' feet, no sound reaches his ear, except the peculiar cry of the gondolier as he flits round some corner, the monotonous appeal for custom by the gourd and the melon vendors, and the wild and plaintive chant of some boatman as he listlessly reclines in his gondola. The number, variety, and beauty also of the old palaces of Venice, give it an air of great grandeur, and call up visions of ancient and long departed splendour. A sail along the Grand Canal, with these once magnificent buildings abounding on either side, together with the singular appearance given to them by their grand entrances being all from the water instead of from the land, is an enjoyment which, both on account of novelty and beauty, cannot be surpassed.

To-day I occupied my time by a visit to the Cathedral of San Marco, the Doge's Palace, and the ascent of the Campanile, in the Piazza of St. Mark. The view of Venice

and the Lagoon from the latter is very fine, though from the height of the houses you are unable to see the canals intersecting the city, which, if one could be raised high enough, would doubtless give it a most singular appearance. I also wandered through the leading thoroughfares ; for although all the traffic which goes on in other cities by carriages and carts proceeds here by boats or gondolas, there are narrow lanes throughout connected with each other by bridges over the different canals, so that you can walk by them from one end of Venice to the other. From these lanes being very narrow, they are gratefully cool, though at times more odoriferous than could be desired.

14th August.—On Tuesday afternoon I left Venice for Padua, and spent a few pleasant hours in the latter place, visiting the famed university, the Prato della Valle, with its not uninteresting group of statues, the Arena, and two of the most remarkable of the churches. Late at night I left by the Diligence for Ferrara, where we arrived at eight o'clock next morning. The deserted appearance of this city is most disheartening. It has all the material for what is imposing in a city—some long and wide streets, with several handsome churches and buildings, but it has been attacked with a sort of syncope. The only appearance of life is about the heart, where a population yet exists. The rest is dead and desolate. Even the cell of poor Tasso could not induce me to prolong my stay here. The melancholy appearance of everything within the walls, and the flat and uninteresting look of the surrounding

country, with the immense canal-looking banks of the Po, the level of whose waters is now considerably above the level of the plain through which they flow between their huge artificial embankments, made me feel that even the inside of a Diligence and a dusty road were a relief. About two o'clock in the afternoon we reached Bologna, which attracted me very much. The streets are handsome and well paved. The houses look clean and in good repair. The large colonnades in many of the streets, which shelter alike from sun and rain, are very agreeable; and the people seem busy, industrious, and stirring. The famed gallery of paintings, so admirably arranged as to set before the eye the rise and progress of the great Bolognese school, the view from the summit of the Monte della Guardia, the two leaning towers, with many excellent institutions and public museums, all combine to make Bologna a city of no ordinary interest.

On Thursday evening I left Bologna and crossed the Apennines to Florence, coming down upon it from the hills as it sparkled in the morning sun. There, by the kindness of a friend, I was introduced to all those wonders of art in statuary and painting which, together with the beauty of its situation, divided as it is by the waters of the Arno, have made Florence so famous. Just before I arrived there, the Grand Duke had refused to exercise his prerogative of mercy in favour of the Madiari, and while his bigotry struck me with sorrow and fear, as I thought of those already suffering, and of others who probably will yet suffer under it, I could not help, on the other hand, feeling

comfort from the assurance that no means could more effectually defeat the end he has in view than his present course, and that he has completely forgotten what was the experience of a despot of antiquity who grievously oppressed God's people, when he found that "the more he afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew."

26th August.—From Florence I reached Pisa by the railway, and then made my way to the baths of Lucca, where to my great satisfaction I found some very dear friends. Arriving on Saturday night, I spent the Sabbath (15th) most happily in their society, and in the enjoyment of a most faithful and impressive sermon in the English chapel there from the Rev. Mr. H——. As regards the valley in which the baths of Lucca are, I confess I was greatly disappointed—they are not worthy to be compared for a moment with our own Matlock baths. Leaving Lucca, and passing through Pisa a second time, I spent two days at Leghorn. The kind attention of my valued friend the Rev. Dr. S——, and the perfect knowledge which he has of all the work of God which is proceeding in Italy, made these days among the most delightful of my tour I had yet spent. From Leghorn I took the steamer to Genoa. The night was clear and lovely, with such a crescent as for brightness I had never yet seen anywhere. I was only for a couple of hours below. Early in the morning, before dawn, I was on deck, watching the shadows as they fled away, and catching the first glimpse of Genoa. The appearance of the town as you approach it from the water is very striking—situated in a semicircular bend of

the shore, and reclining on steep slopes which touch the margin of the sea, it seemed to be a faithful guardian of the immense mass of shipping which lay crowded together at its feet. After spending two days there, I once more found myself at Milan ; and resting a day or two in the latter town, I prepared for my homeward journey over the pass of the Splügen.

On Monday morning, the 23d, I left Milan by the railway to Como: and sailing up the lake, soon reached Chiavenna, which lies at the beginning of the pass of the Splügen on the Italian side. The situation of this town is most beautiful, surrounded as it is by magnificent hills, and the country clothed with vines and figs and pomegranates. The entrance into the pass from thence is exquisitely fine. The attention is not allowed to flag for a moment. Wildness, and yet great luxuriance, are so blended together, as to afford continued surprise and enjoyment, while the great skill with which the road is conducted through all, does not diminish either the one or the other. After passing a little hamlet called Campo Dolcino, the road begins rapidly to ascend by a wonderful Alpine zigzag. Here you come in sight of, and indeed every now and then approach within a few yards of the magnificent fall of the Medesimo, about 800 feet high. The road at length leads you to the top of the fall, from whence a splendid view into the valley is obtained. Then the summit of the pass is gained—and then come its wonderful artificial galleries, one of them being more than 1500 feet long, to guard the road from the avalanches; then the village of

Splügen is passed, and then you dive into the terrific gorge of the Via Mala. I am sorely tempted to linger on some of the details of this pass, but it is impossible; suffice it to say, that as it was the sixth Alpine pass I visited in the course of the summer, I have no hesitation in affirming that it is by far the most interesting and the grandest of all. Reaching Coire, we made acquaintance with the Rhine, as it flows away north towards the lake of Constance. From thence we steamed down Wallenstadt, and then down the lake of Zurich, from which place, by Lucerne, we reached Thun yesterday evening.

I have been obliged to hasten through the notes of this latter tour with railroad speed. I had intended to linger on several points of it, and also to unburden myself of several stray thoughts regarding picture galleries, and some of the more remarkable buildings I saw in Italy; but this I find to be incompatible with the plan I have followed, of occupying the first portion of this volume with some remarks on the religion of Italy and Switzerland. I have no space left in which to add more. Probably it is as well for the reader as for myself, that I am thus driven to so hasty and disorderly a retreat from the notes of my journal.

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